

# PLUCK AND LUCK

COMPLETE STORIES OF ADVENTURE

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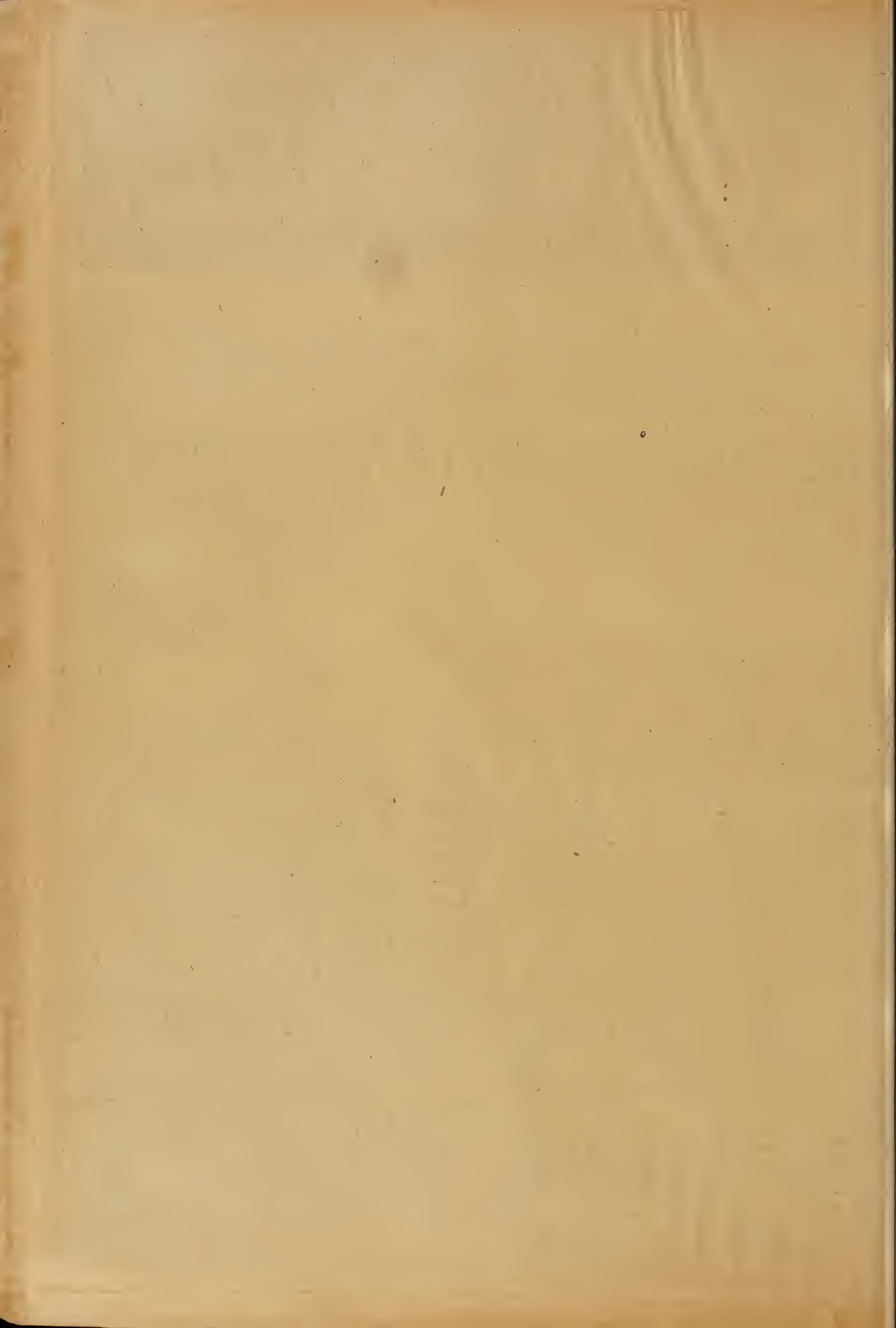
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## CAPTAIN RAY: THE YOUNG LEADER OF THE FORLORN HOPE. (A TRUE STORY OF THE MEXICAN WAR.) BY GENL JAS. GORDON. AND OTHER STORIES



At a signal from the young leader they sprang up and started in a double-quick across the open space between the two lines. There were only a few guards about the pieces of artillery.





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## CAPTAIN RAY

### THE YOUNG LEADER OF THE FORLORN HOPE

By GEN. JAS. A. GORDON.

#### CHAPTER I.—On the Fields of Mexico.

The stirring events of our story began in the month of August, 1847, in front of the frowning fortifications of the city of Mexico. The American army, under the leadership of General Winfield Scott, had fought its way up from the city of Vera Cruz on the gulf coast. Nearly every inch of the march had been hotly contested by the Mexican armies, but the skill of our leaders and the valor of the troops had triumphed over every obstacle. Perhaps no country in the world ever had better natural defenses than Mexico. The road from Vera Cruz to the capital in many places ran through mountain passes and gorges, on either side of which were frowning heights that would have enabled a brave and skillful enemy to hold them against overwhelming odds.

Some of these passes the Mexican leaders attempted to hold against the progress of the triumphant invaders, but the engineering skill of the American officers, backed by the reckless dash of the soldiers, proved too much for them. Battle after battle was fought, and defeat followed defeat, as the Stars and Stripes advanced toward the city of the Montezumas, until at last General Santa Anna, the commander-in-chief of the Mexican armies, concentrated a force of 32,000 men in the numerous fortifications around the capital. The American army numbered less than 10,000 men, but it was flushed with victory, and its confidence in the gallant Scott and his lieutenants rendered it well-nigh irresistible. Every officer realized that the most desperate struggle of the war was now at hand. The vast difference in the numerical strength of the two armies seemed to presage the utter destruction of the invaders. That no reverse might occur through lack of vigilance and caution, General Scott called his division and brigade commanders around him, and explained to them that the defeat of a single regiment, in any of the operations of the siege of the Mexican capital, might ultimately lead to the destruction of the entire army, and that the success of the campaign depended upon the watchfulness of the officers and the unflinching courage of the men.

"Impress it upon your regimental and company officers," he said to them, "that every position must be held at every hazard. That in no instance must a company or regiment retreat, even though certain death threatened every man in it. It is a soldier's duty to die for his country, whenever the exigencies of the hour demand

it, and that duty devolves upon you and me as well as upon the private in the ranks."

The officers were then dismissed to return to their commands, there to await orders from the commander-in-chief. The orders came late in the afternoon, and these were to be in readiness to strike the enemy all along the line early the next morning. There were really five Mexican armies in as many strongholds, which were practically natural defenses of the capital. One of these fortifications was Contreras, held by General Valencia with six thousand men. The divisions of Generals Pillow and Twiggs were assigned the duty of storming it. General Shields, about sunset, with his brigade, slipped in between Contreras and Cherubusco, where Santa Anna lay with twelve thousand men, to prevent one from sending assistance to the other. What a terrible situation that was for the brave volunteers! Had Santa Anna, on the one side, and Valencia on the other, chosen to fall upon him, Shields' column would have been swept away.

But they did not. They chose to lie quietly behind their fortifications and wait for the invaders to attack them, confident that, in case they did, their destruction would be sure. In front of Contreras General Persifer F. Smith's brigade was stationed. That brave officer reconnoitered all along the line, and actually shuddered at the thought of the awful destruction of life that would result when the charge should be made the next morning. In fact, he doubted the success of the undertaking. Six thousand well-armed Mexicans were crouching behind those bristling breastworks, waiting to pour upon him a rain of shot and shell. He went back to his tent and sat down, buried his face in his hands, and gave way to great mental distress for a few moments. Then he arose and left his tent. He passed along down the line of the tents of one of his regiments until he struck Company E, where he stopped, and asked one of the soldiers:

"Where is Captain Ray?"

"I think he is in his tent, general."

"Please say to him that I wish to see him."

The soldier hurried away to a tent but a few rods distant, and entered it with such haste as to cause the four officers, who were within smoking their pipes, to look up at him inquiringly.

"Captain Ray," said the soldier, saluting the youngest officer in the party, "General Smith sent me to say that he wishes to see you."

The young officer sprang to his feet and, turning to his comrades, said:



"You will please excuse me, gentlemen, till I return?"

"Certainly," they replied, and the young officer passed out of the tent into the darkness of the night.

General Smith had returned to his quarters to await the arrival of the young officer. He was alone, and a dim light was burning. The young captain entered and, saluting, said:

"You sent for me, general?"

"Yes, captain. Take a seat," and the general motioned him to a camp-stool opposite to himself.

The young officer seated himself opposite the general, and waited for him to speak.

"Captain Ray," the general asked, "how old are you?"

"I am just twenty-one, general."

"Ah, you are young, and life is no doubt sweet to you."

"Yes, general," he replied, "life is sweet to me, but mine belongs to my country."

The general looked him in the face in silence for a minute or two, and said:

"Yes, a soldier's life belongs to his country. Some of us must die to-morrow. The enemy is in our front, strongly entrenched and outnumbering us nearly three to one."

"But we can whip him out of his boots, general," remarked the young officer.

"So we can, and we must do it; but it will be at a terrible cost. I want a brave, determined officer to lead a Forlorn Hope of one hundred men, every man of whom will probably fall, and——"

"Let me lead them, general," exclaimed the young officer, with sudden eagerness.

"It will cost you your life, captain."

"No matter, general, only let me lead them."

The general extended his hand to the young officer and silently pressed that of the young captain.

"Captain Ray," he said, in a husky tone of voice, "you will go to your death, but your fall will save the lives of hundreds of your comrades and give us that stronghold of the enemy in front of us."

"I believe the whole regiment would go, general," returned Captain Ray.

"We can't afford to sacrifice a whole regiment. One hundred men will be sufficient. Report to me in an hour whether or not you can secure the men."

The young officer saluted the general and retired. He immediately repaired to the tent of the captain of Company A.

"Captain," he said, "the general has selected me to lead a Forlorn Hope of one hundred men, and has suggested that I get volunteers from the entire regiment. Can I get ten men from your company?"

"Yes, fifty if you wish. My men will follow the flag anywhere."

"Thanks. I only want ten, and they must volunteer."

"You shall have them in ten minutes."

"Very well, I will see the other captains," and he passed on to Company B, where he made the same inquiry, with similar results. All the other captains promptly gave him their assistance, asking to be allowed to accompany him as lieutenants.

After having seen all the captains and secured ten men from each company, he returned to the general's tent and reported, saying:

"We are ready, general."

General Smith looked at his watch.

"You have been prompt," he said.

"I have tried to be, general," replied young Ray.

"That's right. Go back to your men, and say to them that they have one hour in which to write letters and leave messages with their comrades after which time they must be ready to move on the enemy."

Captain Ray saluted the general again, and left the tent to return to his men and deliver the terrible message.

## CHAPTER II.—The Charge of the Forlorn Hope

Again the young captain went the round of the different companies of the regiment, and whispered to the volunteers of the Forlorn Hope that they had one hour in which to write letters to relatives and friends, and to otherwise prepare for their desperate undertaking. At the end of the hour the men were marched promptly to an open space in front of the general's tent. The young captain entered the tent and saluted the general, saying:

"General, we are ready."

"Captain Ray, you will move with your command to the left of the enemy's position in front of us at once, and at daylight make a dash straight at him. Make a bold effort to go over the works, and engage him hand to hand. No matter what the odds against you may be, fight as long as you have a man at your back. I will take care of the rest of the field. That is all."

Captain Ray, without uttering a word, saluted the general and retired from his presence. In a subdued tone of voice the young captain gave his orders "to right-about face—march!" and they moved toward the enemy's works, about a couple of miles away.

On, on they pushed, in the thickening gloom of the night, not knowing how soon they might be swept away by a storm of lead and iron. Suddenly they heard the hoarse call of the Mexican sentinels on their posts.

"Alerta, alerta!" the sentinels cried at intervals.

The young captain instantly halted his Forlorn Hope, and whispered to them:

"Be as still as death. The enemy is right in front. We are to wait till daylight, and then every man must do his duty."

An hour passed and a shadowy gray began to displace the black gloom of night. Just in front of them, scarcely fifty yards away, the frowning battlements of Centreras loomed up through the gray mist. At last Captain Ray turned to his men, and said:

"Men, we are to go right over those breast-works. When you rise and charge, give a yell, and when the startled enemy shows himself over the top of the works, give him your bullets full in the face. Then you can go over ere the others rally. Up and at them, now."

The one hundred brave fellows sprang to their



feet and uttered a defiant yell that startled the whole Mexican camp. Then they rushed forward with fixed bayonets, on a fast run. When they were about halfway the Mexican sentinel fired his gun and uttered a cry of alarm. A few moments later the startled Mexicans had sprung to arms and rushed to the defense of the breastworks. As they showed themselves, the Forlorn Hope poured a volley into their ranks and sent many a one to his long account. Then they rushed furiously up the steep breastworks. Young Captain Ray was the first to scale them. With sword in hand he cheered on his men and a moment later was engaged in a hand-to-hand conflict with three stalwart Mexicans. The wild cry of the combatants, and the fierce oaths of desperate men, coupled with the sickening thrusts of bayonets through quivering flesh, combined to make a scene that utterly beggars description. The loss of life was terrible. The one hundred brave men melted away like snow under the heat of a summer's sun, but the survivors struck right and left, not a man flinching or dropping a weapon till his life dropped with it. The Mexican officers ran hither and thither, swearing in copious Spanish, waving their swords above their heads, and trying to rally their panic-stricken men. But all their efforts were in vain. The resistless sweep of the Americans, with the brave Smith at their head, carried the day, and in fifteen or twenty minutes from the time the first shot was fired Contreras was captured, together with nearly a thousand prisoners. With an anxiety that was positive distress, General Smith rushed forward to the spot where the Forlorn Hope had been struggling against fearful odds to see if any of them had escaped the terrible slaughter.

"Captain," cried the general, rushing forward and clasping young Captain Ray in his arms, "you are the hero of the day! You have won the field, and I thank God that you have escaped alive."

"General," replied the captain, "we tried hard to do our duty."

"Boys, give me your hand. You are every one heroes," and the brave general, who was not afraid to give credit where it justly belonged, grasped the hands of the brave fellows and shook them warmly. Those of Valencia's army who escaped made their way some two or three miles distant, to where Santa Anna, with twelve thousand men, occupied the stronghold of Cherubusco. General Smith dared not pursue until he had reported first to General Scott the news of his victory. General Shields and Pierce kept Santa Anna at bay, and thus prevented him from going to the assistance of any of his lieutenants. All day long, for miles and miles along the front, the battle raged, or, rather, a series of battles, for there were five separate and distinct engagements, in every one of which the enemy was defeated.

### CHAPTER III.—The General and His Daughter.

Among the wounded prisoners captured at the battle of Contreras was General Gonzales, a very haughty old Mexican with Castilian blood in his

veins. As soon as his rank was ascertained he was conveyed to a field hospital, and every attention necessary to his comfort and speedy recovery was given him. A couple of days later a flag of truce from the Mexican lines brought a young lady to the picket line of General Smith's camp. She proved to be a daughter of General Gonzales, who had come to beg permission to attend her father. She was about eighteen years of age, and very beautiful, and could speak English with a very marked Spanish accent. General Smith, himself a husband and father, was touched by the devotion of the daughter of the wounded general, and very readily granted her request. Major Wallace, of the regiment to which captain Ray belonged, was sent to escort her to her father's bedside. The moment she saw her parent with his bandaged wound, she gave a low cry, and, springing forward, clasped her arms around his neck. Major Wallace stood by, a silent spectator of the scene; the beautiful senorita hastily brushed the tears from her eyes, and haughtily thanked him for his kindness. The major could but construe her manner as a dismissal from any further attendance, so he lifted his hat and bowed himself out of her presence. As soon as she was alone with her father, the senorita began the little, tender ministrations that only a woman can perform in and about the room of an invalid. The effect of her presence was soon apparent. Her father rapidly recovered his spirits, and his wound began to heal.

Immediately after the battles of the 20th of August, resting on the laurels he had won, General Scott offered terms to the enemy, which were very promptly rejected. Two weeks had, however, been consumed in the attempted negotiation, during which time Santa Anna had been exerting himself day and night to strengthen his position. He had massed his army at Molino del Rey, and on the heights of Chapultepec. Negotiations having failed, General Scott again ordered an advance, and knowing that the great numerical superiority of the enemy would compel him to bring every available soldier into the field, he left but few to guard the wounded prisoners who remained behind. Being now convalescent, General Gonzales preferred accompanying his captors to being left behind with an inadequate guard.

He felt confident that Santa Anna would utterly destroy the invaders, and therefore wished to be present at the scene of his country's triumph. His daughter accompanied him, both being on horseback, and attended by a single guard. The battle of Molino del Rey was opened by General Worth, who attacked the Mexican army—14,000 strong. The struggle was a terrific one, and for a time it seemed as if the Mexicans would triumph. An attempt was made by the Mexicans to turn the flank of the indomitable Worth, and a thousand lancers were hurled like a thunderbolt against his right wing. They came sweeping onward, with their long lances poised in the air. A quick movement of the Americans was made to meet the charge, and in a moment Gonzales, his daughter, and escort were hemmed in between the two opposing forces. At that moment Captain Ray dashed from the American line, pressed forward to the side of the Mexican maiden, lifted her out of the saddle with his right



arm, and spurred his way through the struggling mass of combatants.

#### CHAPTER IV.—The Rescue.

As the Mexican maiden felt herself lifted from the saddle she gave a scream and turned her face to the young officer who had seized her. She saw that he was an American and very youthful, but the expression of his face indicated a dauntless courage.

"Be quiet, miss," he said, "and I will try to save you."

As he urged his horse forward the ranks of his own comrades partially opened a passage for him. Yet so close together were the two lines when he seized the girl, that he received the point of a lance in his left shoulder as he was turning away with her. The next moment the two opposing forces came together, and for ten or fifteen minutes they surged to and fro, as if impaled on each other's weapons. It was extremely difficult for our hero to make his way through the ranks of his comrades, who were so imbued with the fierce passions of the conflict that they paid no attention to him or to his fair burden. But by dint of almost superhuman exertion, he finally cleared a passage and bore her beyond the struggling mass. In all the fierce excitement she had not fainted, but had kept her faculties and wits about her. Her constant thought was of her father, and the moment she found herself comparatively free from the peril that had menaced her, she cried out:

"My father—my father! Save my father!"

"Your father!" exclaimed the young captain, looking at her in astonishment. "Where is he?"

"He was with me when you came. Oh, I fear he is killed."

The young officer looked in the direction of the spot where he had found her, only to find a mass of two or three thousand soldiers struggling for the mastery.

"It is impossible to do anything now, miss," he said.

"Oh, blessed Mary, save my father!" she moaned, wringing her hands in a paroxysm of grief.

"How came he in such a place?" he asked.

"He was a prisoner," she replied, "and was recovering from a wound received at Contreras."

"Ah!" said the young officer. "It was General Gonzales!"

"Yes. He would not stay at the hospital with the small guard that was left there."

"Oh, heavens!" cried the girl, "our soldiers are falling back. Oh, my country! My country!" and she wrung her hands with a grief of the most intense character.

Captain Ray looked over the mass of struggling men, and saw that the line of lancers was wavering. With the wild impetuosity of youth he turned to the young girl and said:

"Remain right here till I return. You will be safe if you do."

Then he drew his sword and spurred his horse into the thickest of the fight. She heard his clear, ringing voice as he sang out above the din of the clash of arms:

"Forward, men, and the day is ours! They are giving way."

The brave men responded to his call with a wild cheer, and a dash forward that sent the lancers staggering back. The young captain was in the advance and lancer after lancer went down under the lightning strokes of his saber. A few minutes later they broke and fled, utterly demoralized, and the triumphant Americans pushed rapidly forward to join General Worth in his terrible death struggle with the enemy at Molino del Rey. Two hours passed, and still the battle raged. The Mexicans seemed to be as many as the sands on the seashore, for as fast as one line was broken another was formed with fresh troops, and the carnage went on greater than ever. Suddenly the enemy broke and fled in a panic-stricken mass toward the gates of the capital city. When the field had been won at all points, our young hero found himself almost too weak to sit in his saddle. He had been losing blood from the lance wound for more than six hours. As he was retiring from the field he met General Smith.

"Why, captain," said the general, clasping his hand and shaking it warmly, "you are hurt, and your clothes are saturated with blood."

"Yes," was the reply. "I was hurt several hours ago."

"You should have retired and had your wound dressed."

"I never thought of it. I don't think it is very serious."

"You don't know. Go to the hospital, over the hill there, and I will send Surgeon Ives to see you."

The general sent one of his staff to attend to him until the surgeon arrived, and the two passed on over the hill to the field hospital, which was fast filling up with wounded from the bloody field. He was placed on a cot, and lay there for more than an hour, suffering intense pain, before the surgeon arrived.

"Ah, captain," said the doctor, "I am sorry to see you hurt."

"I am very sorry to see it myself, doctor; but I hope it is nothing serious."

The surgeon examined the wound very carefully, after which he said:

"It is not dangerous, but will be very painful. You have lost a great deal of blood. Did you know that you have greatly distinguished yourself to-day?"

"No, I did not. I hardly know what I did do."

"I have heard a score of wounded men say that but for you those lancers who charged on our left would have swept the field."

"They are wrong, doctor," he protested. "I was trying to protect a young Mexican lady, and took no part in the fight, except about five minutes before the enemy was routed."

The next day the thunders of battle were again heard near the gates of the doomed city, and our young hero lay upon his cot chafing like a caged lion over his enforced inactivity. Late in the day a surgeon informed him that the city had been captured, and was in possession of the American troops.

"Thank God!" he exclaimed. "We have won the fight."

"Yes," said the doctor. "It is good news. I don't think Santa Anna will make another stand. By the way, I told Miss Gonzales this morning



that you were here and wounded, and she expressed a great deal of sympathy for you."

"Does she know my name?" he asked.

"No, I think not."

"How is her father?" he asked.

"He is in a bad way. I have but little hope of his recovery."

"I am sorry to hear that. Please say to her that I deeply sympathize with her and her father."

"Ah! there she is now, coming this way," said the doctor.

Captain Ray turned his head on his pillow and saw the Mexican maiden coming forward, looking very pale and with an anxious expression in her face. She did not seem to notice him, but advanced quickly to the surgeon's side and asked, in an anxious tone of voice:

"Doctor, tell me truly, will my father live?"

"Yes," he said, "I think he will. You and I can pull him through."

"Oh, doctor, you don't know what sweet relief your words give me. My country is ruined. If my father should die, I should not care to live."

"Do you know this young man?" the doctor asked, pointing to young Captain Ray on the cot for the purpose of diverting her mind for the moment. She turned quickly and looked him full in the face.

"Yes, he saved my life, for which I am more grateful than I can find words for. Oh, sir, if you could have saved my father and left me to perish, I should have died happy. I hope you are not much hurt."

"Thanks, dear lady," returned the young captain. "I shall be up again in a few days, and hope that your father will also soon recover from his hurts."

"Oh, I hope so, I hope so!" she murmured. "Tell me your name, please, that I may report it to my father?"

"I am Eugene Hay, a captain in the American army."

At the mention of his name, the young girl grew paler than ever, and turned away with a shudder. The cause of this was the fact that her father had stated that his wound came from the hand of the American captain of the Forlorn Hope.

## CHAPTER V.—Our Hero Recovers.

Both the surgeon and the young captain were surprised at the action of the young lady, who turned, buried her face in her hands, and shuddered as if convulsed with an ague.

"What the deuce is the matter with her?" Captain Ray asked of the doctor, after the girl had gone.

"I don't know," was the reply. "I think she may have heard something bad about you."

A couple of hours later the doctor again visited the wounded Mexican general, to find the *senorita* sitting by his bedside, pale, quiet, and *laughy*.

"How is the general to-day?" he asked, in a pleasant tone of voice.

"He is restless, and sleeps but little," she replied.

After some further inquiry the doctor prescribed some medicine, and gave minute instructions as to the ministering of it, after which he turned to the young girl and asked:

"*Senorita*, pardon me if I ask you why you fled so precipitately from the bedside of Captain Ray a little while ago."

"I left him because it was by his hand my father was cut down at Contreras."

"Is that all?" the doctor asked, somewhat surprised.

"Is it not enough?" she returned.

"No; the daughter of a brave soldier should be like her father, generous to his foe, and never let malice rankle in her bosom."

She was very nervous and excited. The doctor gently urged her to keep perfectly quiet, and not to give way to any kind of excitement, after which he took leave of her and returned to Captain Ray, to explain to him the cause of her strange conduct.

"Is that all?" the captain asked.

"That's all," returned the surgeon.

"Well, I'm glad it's no worse."

A few days later, order having been restored within the city, all the wounded in the field hospitals were ordered to be brought in and placed in comfortable quarters. The ambulance that conveyed General Gonzales into the city also carried the heroic young leader of the Forlorn Hope. Surgeon Ives accompanied them, as did the general's daughter.

"General," said the surgeon, as the young officer was placed in the ambulance beside him, "this is Captain Ray, of our army—General Gonzales, of the Mexican army."

The two men looked at each other for a moment or two, and both spoke at the same time:

"We have met before."

"Yes," added the captain, "we met as enemies then, with weapons in our hands. We meet as friends now, and if my hand could heal your wound the bravest soldier in Mexico would immediately be made whole."

"Thanks," said the general feebly. "Those are the words of an honorable soldier. I reciprocate your sentiments."

On the way to the city the general expressed an earnest desire to be conveyed to his residence instead of the hospital.

"It would be better for you," said Surgeon Ives, "and I've no doubt it can be done."

"Order the driver to go there at once, doctor," said the young captain, "and I will see General Smith and assume the responsibility of the act."

"Oh, thank you, sir!" exclaimed *Senorita* Gonzales impulsively, as she rode by the side of the ambulance. "You don't know how grateful I feel!"

"Captain," said the general, "accept my thanks. There is room for more in my house, and I place it at the disposal of your general, and hope you will do me the honor to make it your home as long as your duties to your flag will permit."

"Thanks," said the captain. "I accept your kind offer."

The ambulance was driven to the Gonzales residence, which turned out to be one of the largest and most commodious private houses in the city. Its surroundings and furnishings at-



tested the wealth and standing of the general. As soon as the two wounded men were comfortably quartered in the house, Surgeon Ives hastened to report to General Smith, and that officer very promptly approved of what had been done. In ten days Captain Ray, who had suffered more from loss of blood and consequent weakness than from the severity of his wound, reported to General Smith as ready for duty. Although Captain Ray had rejoined his command, he made daily visits to the Gonzales residence to inquire after the health of the general. During each visit he met the proud, cold, haughty daughter of the house, whose name he had learned was Anita. He also met a number of prominent Mexicans, both officers and civilians. Among them was a Colonel Cardenas, a paroled prisoner. He was tall, dark, of commanding figure and fiery temperament, and paid unceasing attention to the general's daughter. He was deeply, madly in love with her, and insanely jealous of every man to whom she spoke. Though he was a suitor for her hand, he was not an accepted one. It was not to be wondered at, then, that he regarded Captain Ray's presence at the Gonzales residence with no little jealousy, and the oftener they met the more curt was his manner toward the young American officer.

## CHAPTER VI.—Arrest and Escape of Cardenas.

One evening when Colonel Cardenas called he found the young American officer sitting close by the side of Senorita Anita, conversing in low, earnest tones. He was telling her of his home, far away in his native land, and also the story of his stirring adventures since his arrival in Mexico. She listened with an interest that rendered her completely oblivious to the presence of the stalwart Mexican officer. Indeed, she was not aware of his arrival until he spoke to her in Spanish, saying:

"Has the senorita no welcome for a Mexican soldier?"

"Si, Senor Colonel," she responded, blushing like a rose and bounding to her feet. "I did not know you had arrived. You are thrice welcome."

At sight of her confusion, the colonel's face assumed a scowl of hatred as he glanced at the young American. Captain Ray also rose to his feet and respectfully saluted the Mexican, who, however, turned his back upon him without returning his salutation. Young Ray flushed to the roots of his hair, and but for the presence of the fair senorita would have promptly resented the insult of his manner then and there. But he kept cool, and in a pleasant tone of voice proceeded to take leave of the maiden. After the young American's departure from the house, Colonel Cardenas remarked to Anita that she seemed to have conceived a liking for the enemies of her country.

"You are mistaken, colonel," she replied. "I am patriotic, heart and soul, but Captain Ray saved my life, and gratitude demands that I shall treat him with the civility due a gentleman."

"He is a barbarian," returned the colonel, "among whom gentlemen are not found."

"I have found him to be a gentleman," she re-

torted, "and more than that, I have seen the soldiers of Mexico shrink before him as spaniels shrink from a mastiff."

The fiery colonel left the house in a furious rage, vowing that the young "barbarian" should be removed from his pathway at the earliest opportunity. Being a paroled prisoner, the Mexican could not challenge him, and the least attempt at violence on his part would either result in close confinement or execution. Under these circumstances he naturally resorted to that prolific source of Mexican crime, viz., the hired assassin. A few evenings after meeting Cardenas at the Gonzales residence, our hero was on his way to visit the general and his daughter, when, as he was passing under the shadow of a tall building, a man with his neck and part of his face covered with a flowing serape rushed at him and aimed a blow at his breast with a stiletto. He instinctively threw up his arm and warded off the blow.

"Diablos!" hissed the man, striking at him again.

In an instant Ray saw his danger. He sprang back, drew his sword, and ran the wretch through the body. The would-be assassin fell to the earth with a groan, and a moment later four others rushed out and began a furious attack on our hero. His sword swished through the air, laying open the cheek of one of his assailants.

"Caramba!" hissed his assailants. "Kill the barbarian!" and again they crowded upon him.

Swish! swish! swish! went the sword as it whizzed through the air, and the other three assassins found themselves being cut into mince-meat. Then it was that the young hero assumed the offensive, and instead of retreating, advanced upon them. To save himself, one of the assassins sprang close behind another quick as a flash of lightning. Young Ray plunged forward and ran the foremost one through the body, sending the weapon home to the hilt. The assassin who was screening himself behind his comrade was also impaled by the same thrust, and both fell to the earth, spitted like frogs.

By this time the alarm had spread, and a number of people rushed forward in a fever of excitement. The hot-headed Mexicans, seeing three of their countrymen killed and two wounded, were on the point of rushing on the young hero, when a party of American soldiers put in an appearance. The Americans quickly dispersed the mob, and one of the wounded assassins was caught. When closely pressed as to the cause of the attack, the villain admitted that he had been hired by one of the men that were slain to help him dispose of the young officer.

"I am satisfied I know the moving spirit of this thing," said Captain Ray, "and it shall not end here."

A few days later, while promenading on the plaza, he met Colonel Cardenas walking arm in arm with another Mexican officer. He stopped them.

"Colonel Cardenas," he said, addressing the stalwart Mexican, "only a coward fights by proxy. I shall seek to have you exchanged, and, if I can do so, I will kill you as I would a dog. I have already disposed of three of your hired assassins."

"Senor Captain," said the colonel, "you are a



lieutenant and with that he drew a pistol and fired it point-blank at Ray's face.

The ball grazed his cheek so close as to blister it, while the flash actually blinded him for a moment. Ere he could recover in time to return the shot, both men were seized and carried to headquarters. On relating his story, Captain Ray was released, and the Mexican officer locked up. A few days later, through some unknown mysterious agency, Cardenas not only escaped from his prison quarters, but managed to get out of the city and pass through the lines unperceived. The next that was heard of him Cardenas was ravaging the country at the head of a band of daring guerrillas. There were a number of these guerrilla parties formed after the defeat of the Mexicans before Mexico City. A few days later General Smith sent Captain Ray to General Lane, who was before Puebla, as that general had requested that an able commander be attached to his force for scout duty in connection with dispersing the numerous bands of guerrillas who were annoying his command.

Ray selected a small force of men to act as scouts with him in his maneuvers.

Captain Ray, on reaching General Lane's army, immediately formed another small body of soldiers and led them against the guerrillas and succeeded in driving them out of the neighborhood with great loss in the numbers killed. After this duty was performed he joined General Lane and became one of his ablest commanders in the battle before Puebla, which that general succeeded in winning. The day after the battle was over Captain Ray told General Lane that he must report to General Smith.

"Certainly," said the general, "you may leave as soon as you wish."

During the day an old woman came to headquarters to complain that her daughter, who had piloted a small party of Americanos into the city, had been seized and carried off by a band of guerrillas, who vowed to wreak their vengeance over her head.

"Ah!" ejaculated Ray, on hearing the story, "tell the old woman that we shall do our best to find and rescue her daughter."

The young captain soon mustered his scouts together and told them that they had a duty toward the young girl who had benefited the Americans, and that he knew them well enough to know what they would do. Then he led them out of the city, being saluted by the garrison as they left. The old woman told them the story of her daughter's capture, and said that the Mexicans had heard in some way that she had befriended the Americans, and had vowed to punish her. She told them which way they had gone, and Ray set out in hot pursuit.

"Her name is Isabel Garcia," said Lieutenant Graham, one of Ray's party, "and she has been the friend of our people ever since their arrival in Puebla. It is said in the city that a party of Alabama soldiers rescued her from a band of guerrillas who were ill-treating her, and that she would never be grateful."

They were on the trail of the band and were hopeful of coming up with them before sunset. But darkness set in ere they came in sight of them, and they were compelled to halt to avoid losing the trail. But while they were making a

camp they sent out scouts to prowl around and see if any campfires were in the neighborhood. The night was dark, and but slow progress could be made, yet one of the bold scouts saw a light in a deep gorge of the mountains, and made his way in that direction to see about it. He soon discovered that quite a large band of guerrillas was encamped there, and that a young Mexican woman was a prisoner in their hands. To return to camp and report to Captain Ray was the first duty of the scout, and in due time the young leader was in possession of the secret. Ray was not the man to delay a moment under such circumstances. He called his men around their campfire and told them the news the scout had brought in, and added:

"I don't wish to order you out again to-night, but will call for volunteers to go to the girl's rescue. How many of you will go? Step forward!"

Every man of them stepped forward.

"Ah! General Scott himself would be proud to have such men! We'll start in ten minutes on foot. Two men will be detailed to take care of the horses."

Exactly in ten minutes the brave fellows marched away from the campfire into the darkness of the night. The scout led the way, and after going a couple of miles, turned into the chaparral and showed them the campfires of the guerrillas.

"There they are, men," said Ray, in a low tone of voice. "We must rescue that girl, or die with her."

"Lead us to her, captain," said Lieutenant Graham, "and we'll quickly take her out of their hands."

After a short whispered consultation with the scouts, Ray decided to go below the guerrilla camp and work his way up the gorge instead of keeping to the steep sides of the mountain. They were nearly an hour in creeping up to a position from which they could command a good view of the camp. Particular pains were taken not to alarm the enemy before the time came to strike the blow. Isabel Garcia was seen sitting on a stone near one of the campfires. Her feet were bound together so that she could not walk, or use them but little. There was a look of almost utter despair on her handsome face. The ruffians spoke to her several times, but she did not seem to notice them, as no replies came from her. Burying her face in her hands, she remained in silent despair for some ten minutes, when the officer in command of her captors stepped to her side and rudely snatched her hands away, exclaiming:

"Caramba! You shall not hide your face from us, senorita!"

"Coward!" hissed Isabel, in pure Spanish, her eyes flashing fire as she spoke. "Were my limbs free, I'd make you feel a woman's vengeance!"

"Senorita Garcia must not be so cruel," sneered the officer.

Then he attempted to kiss her. She slapped his face with such an indignant energy as to be heard throughout the camp. Crack! went a single rifle, and the officer fell dead at the feet of the fair Isabel. She looked down at him, the picture of dumfounded amazement, and the others sprang to their feet in alarm.



"Fire!" cried Ray, in clear, ringing tones, and a second later about seventy rifles sent as many missiles of death into their midst.

Over fifty Mexicans went down at the first fire, and Isabel found herself standing in the center of a terrible death-scene. The wretches did not wait for another volley. They broke and fled, rushing away in the darkness up the gorge and along the mountain sides, anywhere to get out of the way of the terrible Americanos. A big Mexican rushed up to the prisoner and attempted to throw her over his shoulder to bear her away as his prize. The attempt cost him his life, for Ray sprang forward and ran him through the body with his sword, and he sank down at her feet.

"Senorita, you are saved!" said Ray, removing his hat and making a profound bow.

She uttered a cry of joy on recognizing him as the young officer whom she had piloted into Puebla a few days before. Ray cut the cords that bound her ankles, and she sprang forward and grasped his hand in both of hers.

"Senor El Capitan!" she exclaimed. "I am more grateful than I can say. Accept the homage of my heart and soul."

"It is for us to do homage to you, senorita," said Ray. "To you we are deeply indebted, and what we have done to-night in no way cancels the debt. I hope no harm has befallen you."

"None," she replied, "other than the forcible seizure and detention by the wretches."

"I congratulate Senorita Garcia," said Ray, "and place myself and command at her disposal."

The brave fellows secured quite a valuable amount of plunder from those who had fallen, and then moved back to a more convenient place of encampment.

## CHAPTER VII.—Anita's Appeal for Protection.

After the rescue of Isabel Garcia from the clutches of the guerrillas, the young leader and his men went into camp in a secure spot, putting out a strong line of sentinels to prevent a surprise during the night. The enemy was too much demoralized, however, to make any attempt to renew the fight, and our heroes were left in peace. Isabel Garcia slept under a blanket given her by Lieutenant Graham, and arose the next morning as bright and fresh as the hardiest soldier in the command. Ray and the lieutenant entertained her at breakfast, and then proceeded to escort her with the entire command to her humble home near the city of Puebla. While his command was waiting for the order to mount in front of the humble home of Isabel Garcia, a Mexican came trudging along on foot, and was arrested by one of the scouts.

"Captain," called the scout to the young leader, "here's a greaser who says he is looking for you."

Captain Ray looked at the fellow a moment or two, and asked:

"For whom are you looking?"

"El Capitan Ray, Americano," was the reply.

"I am Captain Ray. What do you want of me?"

"I was sent to give you this," said the Mexi-

can, who could speak very good English, handing him a piece of very thin white paper.

Ray took the paper in some surprise and opened it. It was closely written in a very delicate handwriting.

"Senor Capitan Ray," it ran, "I appeal to you, the bravest and most chivalrous of the American army, to protect me from my friends. I am held by Colonel Cardenas, whom you have met more than once, and he is trying to force me to marry him. I prefer death to such a union, and have appealed secretly to my friends in the city for protection. They are powerless to do so. I turn to you. Save me, or I die. I am at the Hacienda Gonzales, on the Lake Road, fourteen miles south of the capital. I send this by a faithful servant of our family.

"Anita Gonzales."

Ray read the note in profound surprise, for he had left the beautiful Anita in her father's residence in the capital of Mexico, and now here she was in the hands of Cardenas, the noted guerrilla.

"Where is Senorita Anita?" he asked of the Mexican, after reading the note.

"At her father's hacienda."

"How came she to be there?"

"General Gonzales obtained leave from General Scott to retire to his home in the country."

"Oh! And Cardenas captured the hacienda!"

"Si, Senor Capitan."

"How many men has he with him?"

"More than 400."

"Do you know that?"

"I counted more than 300, and think there were a third more I could not count."

"Very well. Can you lead us to the place?"

"Si, Senor Capitan."

"Treachery is punished by us with instant death," remarked Ray very significantly.

"I am no traitor, Senor Capitan."

"Very well. We will go with you."

The command was off in a few minutes, the Mexican being given a horse that they might travel the faster. During the day the Mexican asked that he might have a gun.

"Why do you want a gun?" Ray asked.

His answer showed that he had been badly used by Cardenas, and was naturally anxious to get a little bit of Mexican revenge for what he had suffered. He was given a gun, and then he seemed to be better satisfied than at any time since they had met him. On the way the guide gave Captain Ray a good deal of information about the hacienda. There was a dense woods about a quarter of a mile from the house, in which the adventurous troops could lie concealed all day without any fear of discovery.

"But where are Cardenas' men encamped?" Ray asked of the guide.

"At the spring, on the farther side from the woods."

"Is the general's family at the hacienda now?"

"Si, Senor Capitan."

"Then Cardenas has the whole family in his power?"

"Si, senor."

"But are they prisoners?"

"Only senorita."



"Why she only?"

"Because she does not wish to wed Senor Colonel Cardenas."

"Does the family wish her to marry him?"

"They do not seem to object."

"I can understand the situation. Her father does not object, because he is in Cardenas' power."

"Si, Senor Capitan."

"Then we will have to break his power, and thus relieve her."

They reached the vicinity late in the day, and concealed themselves in the woods, in sight of the house. Ray saw just how the land lay. The houses stood between him and Cardenas' camp. The Mexicans were encamped beyond, down near the spring. Cardenas and his officers were at the house, which was a very large and handsome one, nearly all the time. He had appointed the time, and was now waiting for the old priest to come and unite him to the daughter of the general. She was watched all the time, and not allowed to leave the lines of the camp, which inclosed the hacienda.

"We shall have to wait till night," said Ray to Graham, "for they are too strong for us to attack openly."

"Yes, and then we must strike hard," replied Graham.

"Of course. I'd like to get at that fellow Cardenas in a fair fight once."

## CHAPTER VIII.—Cardenas Captured.

Cardenas had 400 men at his back, and so was master of the situation. The priest had been brought to the hacienda by a squad of soldiers, and in the evening the ceremony was to be performed by him, in the presence of all the officers of the guerrilla chief. Anita had resolved on suicide at the last moment if the young American officer failed to rescue her in time to prevent the marriage. The faithful servant had not been able to report to her during the day, and as the day faded out and the stars appeared she began to lose the little spark of hope that remained to her.

"He has not been able to find Senor Capitan Ray," she sighed, "and I am doomed to die. Holy Mother, forgive me!"

The time came, and as she was about to open a vein in her arm with the scissors her maid gave the alarm. She was seized and prevented from doing herself an injury. While the priest was talking to her of the terrible sin of self-murder, the old servant whom she had sent in search of Captain Ray passed through the yard under her window. She sprang to her feet and rushed to the window. The faithful servant looked up at her and smiled. There was such confidence in his smile that she took heart. But neither of them dared speak, as the priest and others were near to see and hear everything. Still she was sure he would not have returned until he had found the American officer, or if he had returned after a fruitless search he would have looked down-hearted and in despair. She grew strong in heart again, and said to the priest:

"Father, I know I have sinned, yet an eternity in purgatory is preferable to marriage with Colonel Cardenas. I would rather die than marry him. If I cannot destroy myself before marriage, I will do so afterward, and the sin of my death will be on those who drove me to it."

"You will think better of it, my dear daughter," said the padre. "You must submit to the Church if you would be happy in this life and the one to come."

"But if the church unites me to this man," she said, "she will destroy my happiness in this life and drive me to self-destruction. Oh, let me beg of you, Father Manero, not to thus render me miserable forever."

The priest was under the control of Cardenas, however, and was not to be moved by a maiden's tears. Colonel Cardenas and all the officers of his command assembled at the house, and the priest was in his robes prepared to officiate. Anita was led into the room where the priest and guests were waiting. She was wild with horror, for her hopes were sinking fast. She had not had a chance to speak to the old servant since his return, and thus a terrible suspense filled her soul.

"I will not marry you, Colonel Cardenas!" she cried. "My curses will follow you to your grave, Father Manero, if you unite me to him!"

Just then a rush of feet was heard in the yard. Then a few shots were fired, and then the startled shouts of men followed.

"Thank God, he has come!" cried Anita, almost falling to the floor in a faint.

Cardenas and his men were instantly on the alert. With drawn swords they started toward the door to take part in whatever was going on. They were met at the door, however, by Captain Ray and a score of his brave fellows. The others had surrounded the house.

"Ha—Cardenas!" cried Ray, in a loud voice, "we meet again. Surrender, or take the consequences!"

"Never! Down with the Americanos!" yelled Cardenas, making a lunge at him with his sword.

The fight was short, sharp, and decisive, and in a couple of minutes half the Mexican officers were killed, and the rest captured. Among the latter was Cardenas himself, unhurt other than by a blow on the head with the hilt of a sword.

"Secure the prisoners!" cried Ray. "Be quick and ready to repel attack!"

"El Capitan! Twice my victor!" screamed Anita, rushing toward him with outstretched arms.

Ray caught her in his arms and pressed her to his heart.

"Senorita," he said to her, as her head rested on his shoulder, "I came at your call, urged by the promptings of my heart. I'll come to you again when my work is done!"

With that he released her, and rushed out into the yard to head his men in the rush on the camp at the spring, expecting to have a hard battle with them there. But fugitives from the hacienda had carried the story that the whole army of General Scott had arrived and slaughtered Cardenas and all his officers. That was enough. The demoralized wretches took to their heels and fled in every direction, not even firing a shot in



return for the volley they received just as they scampered off.

"That is much better than I expected," said Ray, when he saw how the fight had ended. "We will not be troubled with them any more as long as we have Cardenas a prisoner."

He returned to the house, where General Gonzales welcomed him, taking his hand and saying: "You have done me a service for which I thank you, Senor Capitan."

Anita was beside herself with joy, and could not refrain from giving expression to her feelings in the presence of Cardenas, who was now an unarmed prisoner.

"I sent my faithful old servant with a note to El Capitan," she cried, "and the brave man came. Oh, Holy Mary! I thank Thee!"

"So we meet again, colonel," said Ray, "and under different circumstances."

"Let me have my sword," said the Mexican colonel, "and I'll be glad enough to meet you."

"But I can't meet you that way—only a gentleman can cross swords with an American soldier in single combat."

"Diablos! Do you say I am not a gentleman?"

"Will a gentleman and a soldier violate his parole?" Ray asked, looking him full in the face.

"That is only a subterfuge!" hissed Cardenas.

"Not so. You will be shot like a dog, as you deserve to be. Only a brute would try to force a woman to marry against her consent. Such cowards as you are responsible for the terrible humiliation of Mexico. Brave soldiers like General Gonzales might have saved her honor but for such as you. Tie him up like a dog, Lieutenant Graham, and place a strong guard over him."

The prisoner was bound and placed under a strong guard, while the victors regaled themselves with the good things that had been prepared for the wedding-feast. An hour later a courier dashed up with dispatches for Captain Ray. He had been sent from Puebla by Colonel Childs to find the daring young captain at all hazards. Ray opened the dispatches in eager haste, and read them.

"Peace is declared!" he exclaimed. "The war is over!"

#### CHAPTER IX.—Ray Releases Cardenas.

The sudden exclamation of the young leader drew all his men around him, eager to know the occasion of it.

"Boys," he cried, "the war is ended. Peace is declared. Scott has brought them to their senses."

The men threw up their hats and cheered lustily. The Mexicans of the household who did not understand English thought they were celebrating the capture of Cardenas. But General Gonzales and the lovely Anita understood it all. The general came forward and said:

"Senor Capitan Ray, I can understand the feelings of yourself and friends. I am glad the war is ended, though my country is sadly humiliated. A continuance would have but added to her troubles. Hostilities have ceased. We are no longer enemies. Permit me to tender you the hospitality of my house."

"Thanks, general," said Ray, taking the old

soldier's hand and wringing it in the most cordial manner. "I am more grateful to you than I can say. Truly, indeed, we are friends, and I hope that the friendship begun in the bloody carnage of war may continue through a lifetime of peace."

"So say I, Senor Capitan," said the general. "But what will you do with the prisoners you have taken to-night?"

"I presume I shall have to release them at once," he replied, "taking Colonel Child's dispatch as official notice that the war has ceased."

"Yes," the general said, "I think that would be the proper course to pursue."

"I know of no other course," said the captain; "but as they were captured since the treaty of peace was declared, I shall release them at once."

"Senor Capitan," said Anita, who was standing by her father's side, "do not release Senor Cardenas."

"Ah, senorita," he replied, "I am forced by the situation to do so."

"Then I am lost!" she said, in a voice that betokened hopeless despair.

"Not so, senorita, for the war is ended. His force is scattered, and now the peons on your father's estate will be amply able to protect you."

"Senor Capitan," she exclaimed excitedly, "you do not know Mexico—you do not know Cardenas. When the Americanos have gone away he will gather his guerrillas again, and be a worse bird of prey than ever."

The prisoners were brought in by order of the young captain and released. A smile of supreme satisfaction was on the face of Colonel Cardenas.

"The war has ended, colonel," said Captain Ray, "and you are no longer a prisoner of war. I am free to say that I am sorry the official notification was not delayed twenty-four hours, as I would then have had the satisfaction of having you shot for violating your parole."

"You can have the satisfaction of fighting me, Senor Capitan," replied Cardenas, in a boastful way, "so you need not deprive yourself of any anticipated satisfaction."

"You are mistaken, sir," returned Ray. "It would not be satisfactory to an honorable man to fight such as you. I would be expelled from the American army were I to honor you with a duel."

Cardenas was livid with rage under the taunts of the young American in the presence of Anita.

"That is the subterfuge of a coward!" he hissed.

Ray only smiled.

"Coward!" cried Anita, with burning indignation. "Two hours ago you had 400 Mexicans here ready to obey your orders. Senor Capitan Ray came but with seventy Americanos, dispersed your command, capturing you and all your officers, and yet you call him a coward. It was such cowards as you that have allowed the flag of Meico to trail in the dust."

The beautiful senorita fairly hissed the words through her teeth, and the burly Cardenas cowed before her withering sarcasm.

"You may go," she continued, "for this roof shall not shelter you to-night."



"Daughter, daughter," chided her father, "you forget that the colonel was a brave soldier."

"He is an arrant coward!" she exclaimed angrily, "and must leave the house."

She was in a furious passion, knowing that she could rely on the presence of the Americans for protection. Cardenas turned and left the house, saluting only General Gonzales as he did so. The dead were buried that night, and nothing remained to show that there had been a fight there save the few wounded that were left. The next morning Captain Ray accepted the invitation of General Gonzales to make the hacienda his home until he received further orders from his superiors, stating that he would supply all the rations for his men free of charge. The captain accepted the invitation, and a week of rest and social enjoyment followed. The evening before he was to leave he informed Anita that on the morrow he should take his departure.

"No, Senor Capitan," she said, "you must not go so soon."

"My duty compels me to," he replied, "and you know it is a soldier's first duty to obey orders."

"Will you go to the capital?" she asked.

"No, we have been ordered to return to Puebla."

"Could you go to the capital?"

"I think not. Why do you ask?"

"Because I would crave your protection that far," and her voice trembled as she spoke, while her eyes filled with tears.

"Ah, how gladly would I grant it were it in my power, senorita. I think your fears are groundless."

"Senor Capitan," she said, "I shall kill myself if we are left here without protection."

"Do you think Cardenas will return?" Ray asked.

"I know he will as soon as he thinks you are gone."

Ray remained silent for several minutes, while she stood close by his side, leaning on his arm. She looked eagerly, wistfully up into his face, while pressing her hand over her heart as if to still its wild throbbing.

"Senor Capitan," she pleaded softly, tenderly, "you will not leave me here a prey to that vile coward?"

"Have you no friends in Puebla?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied; "but he has more friends there than we. This is his old home."

While they were thus conversing the rush of a body of horse was heard on the hard road nearly a quarter of a mile away. Captain Ray listened for a moment or two and then in a loud, ringing voice called his men to arms. In a couple of minutes his little band of seventy determined men were in the saddle awaiting his orders.

He quietly waited while Anita still clung tremblingly to his arm, to learn who the approaching horsemen were. He did not have long to wait, for a body of 200 guerrillas came rushing forward with an officer in brilliant uniform at their head.

"Oh, Sancta Maria!" exclaimed Anita. "It is Cardenas returning. Senor Capitan, will you protect me?"

"With my life, senorita," he replied "and the lives of every one in my command if necessary."

When the guerrillas arrived within a couple

of hundred yards of the house they came to a sudden halt, as if surprised at seeing American troops there. A hurried consultation appeared to take place among the officers, after which one of them rode forward toward the Americans.

"What are the Americanos doing here?" he asked.

"By what right do you ask?" Ray demanded.

"By the right of a Mexican soldier," was the reply.

"Indeed!" returned Ray. "Are you aware that the war has ended?"

"Yes," was the reply, "and that is why we are surprised at seeing you still here."

"We have been awaiting orders," said Ray, "and to-morrow we march for Puebla. Whose command is that?"

"Colonel Cardenas."

"Where is he going?"

"That you have no right to ask."

"I haven't!" exclaimed Ray. "If he attempts to pass this camp I will give him a lesson in war he will not soon forget."

The officer returned to his chief and reported the result of his interview with Captain Ray. A few minutes later the guerrillas moved back to the spring a quarter of a mile below the house and went into camp.

## CHAPTER X.—A Sudden Marriage.

As soon as it was ascertained that Cardenas had established a camp at the spring, Anita Gonzales told her father that she would go to Puebla next day with the Americans.

"And if necessary," she added, "I will go with him back to their own country. I will not marry Cardenas under any circumstances."

"My daughter," replied her father, "when I withdraw my consent to your marriage with Colonel Cardenas I do not think he will trouble you any further."

"That would not be like him, father," she replied. "We will be powerless to resist him as soon as the Americanos are gone."

That evening Colonel Cardenas, accompanied by his officers and a priest, called at the house and demanded an interview with General Gonzales, which was at once granted. He demanded the hand of his daughter in marriage, in accordance with the terms of an agreement previously made.

"I desire to withdraw my consent," said the general, "because of my daughter's intense dislike to the union."

"That cannot be done," said Cardenas. "I have come for the fulfillment of the agreement, and do not intend to be denied."

"But she will appeal to the Americanos."

"The Americanos have nothing to do with it," he returned, "and will not dare interfere. To do so would subject the officer to the severest displeasure of his government. Where is the senorita?"

"She is with Senor Captain Ray."

Colonel Cardenas, accompanied by his officers, repaired to the spot where Anita was seated with young Ray and Lieutenant Graham.

"Senorita," he said, without noticing Ray, "I have come for you."



"You can go without me," she replied; "I will not go."

"Then I will be compelled to use force."

"Force!" exclaimed Ray, springing to his feet and facing the burly Mexican. "This lady has appealed to me for protection, and any attempt at force will be met with force."

"Indeed!" sneered Cardenas. "What have Americanos to do with Mexico, now that the war has ended?"

"Nothing—but to get out of it as soon as we can," said Ray. "But, while we are here, whoever seeks protection under the American flag will find it," and seizing the Stars and Stripes, where they were lying near, he threw them over the beautiful girl, completely enveloping her. "Now touch her if you dare!" he exclaimed.

Anita gathered the folds of the flag about her person with a gracefulness that served to heighten her beauty.

"Senor Capitan Ray," said Cardenas, "this is a usurpation I will not submit to. I have 300 men, and all will give you battle. The consequences be upon your head."

"I will take the consequences," said Ray.

"Do you know you are violating the terms of the treaty?" Cardenas asked.

"No, I do not know, nor do I care. The lady has appealed to the protection of the American flag, and she shall receive it."

"The lady belongs to Meico," said Cardenas; "you have no right to interfere."

"She can belong to the United States if she wishes to," replied Ray, and then turning to Anita he said: "Senorita, I have learned to love you, and if you can reciprocate my love I will make you my wife within an hour. Then the American army will protect you, even if it has to reconquer all Mexico."

Anita uttered a glad cry and sprang into the arms of the young officer.

"Oh, Senor Capitan," she cried, "I love you, I love you, and that is why I could not marry him." And she threw her arms around his neck and kissed him repeatedly.

Cardenas was furious with rage and jealousy. He drew his sword and would have rushed upon Ray but for the interference of one of his officers.

"Summon the priests lieutenant," said Ray, leading Anita into the reception room of the house.

Lieutenant Graham hastened to obey the order, and in a few minutes it was known throughout the household that the senorita was about to marry the young American officer.

Cardenas swore like a pirate, and threatened everything and everybody with his vengeance.

"I forbid it," he cried. "Father Ramon, if you marry them I will hang and quarter you."

"If he doesn't do it," said Ray, "I will have him shot."

The padre made the sign of the cross, and appeared to be suffering the most intense agony that fear could give.

"You must marry me to the man I love, Father Ramon," said Anita, "and Cardenas will not harm a hair of your head."

Ray led Anita up to the presence of the priest and said:

"Proceed now, father, and give us your blessing."

"I cannot, I cannot," said the priest. "You are a heretic, and she is one of the faithful."

"Order a file of soldiers here with loaded muskets, Lieutenant Graham," said Ray.

The file of soldiers came forward and took their positions behind the young couple.

The padre trembled in every limb.

"Proceed now, father," said Ray, "as you value your life."

He did proceed, and in a few minutes, in the presence of Cardenas and his officers, the young couple were declared man and wife. Turning to Cardenas, Captain Ray said:

"She is now the wife of an American officer. Molest her if you dare."

Without uttering a word Cardenas turned on his heel and left the house, followed by his officers, but the priest remained behind, afraid to go back with the enraged guerrilla chief. Perhaps the happiest woman in the world was the newly-made bride. Even the old general, her father, rejoiced for her sake, and all the servants on the place celebrated the marriage with eating, singing, and dancing nearly all night long. An hour after Cardenas left the house the scouts came in and reported that he had broken up camp and gone away. During the night a double guard, as well as outer pickets, were kept on the qui vive in momentary expectation of an attack by the guerrillas, but when the sun arose not a Mexican was to be seen, save those at the Hacienda Gonzales. A wedding breakfast was prepared, which the rejoicing household partook of with sympathetic relish. The breakfast over, the bride prepared to accompany her husband on his march to Puebla.

## CHAPTER XI.—Captured by Guerrillas.

When they were ready to move young Captain Ray placed his bride on a fine horse and her maid on another. Then farewells were waved, and the party moved off in the direction of Puebla. About sunset they reached a beautiful hacienda, the owner of which readily agreed to entertain the young couple in the house and permit the men to camp on the place for a moderate consideration. The soldiers accordingly encamped about half a mile from the house, in charge of Lieutenant Graham, while the young captain and his bride were to spend the night with the Mexican farmer's family. About midnight Captain Ray was rudely awakened by a loud knocking on the door of his room. The young captain sprang from the bed and seized his sword, but ere he could strike a light the door was burst open, and a dozen armed Mexicans rushed into the room. Anita screamed at the top of her voice, while Ray began to lay about him with his sword. He had dangerously wounded one, when he was overpowered and made a prisoner.

"What means this outrage?" he demanded.

"You are a prisoner," said one of the men.

"A prisoner!" exclaimed. "Hasn't the war ended yet?"

"It seems not, Senor Capitan."

"Whose command do you belong to?"

"We belong to the army of Mexico."

That was all he could get out of them. The young wife was compelled to rise and dress in



the presence of the brutal guerrillas. She threatened the vengeance of the authorities on the perpetrators of the outrage, but they were obdurate and not to be moved.

While she was dressing herself the guerrillas were binding her husband. As soon as they were dressed they were led out of the house, which they found surrounded by over 300 guerrillas. They were placed on horseback, and the command immediately moved off in an opposite direction from that of Puebla. Husband and wife were not allowed to speak to each other during the ride, as they were kept separated. A little after sunrise, however, as they were moving along the road, Colonel Cardenas rode up to the side of the young American officer.

"So you are the man I am indebted to for this outrage, are you?" said Ray.

"Yes," he replied, "I have returned outrage for outrage. You forcibly married a woman I was to make my wife, and I have forcibly taken her away from you."

"She married me freely and voluntarily," said Ray, "and with the consent of her father, and there was no violation of law, but this act of yours will make trouble for your country as well as bring condign punishment on your own head. You have violated even the laws of Mexico."

The command soon left the main road and took to the mountains, going through rugged passes, where pursuit seemed impossible. Nor did they halt for either food or drink until the middle of the day. Then they stopped at a spring in a mountain gorge to rest and partake of food. Captain Ray searched about him, in search of his wife, but not a trace of her could be seen.

"Where is my wife?" he demanded of Cardenas.

"She is in safe hands," was the reply.

"Whose hands?"

"Mine."

"Colonel Cardenas," hissed Ray, "if a hair of her head is touched, or she is in any way harmed, the vengeance of the American army will be such as to make you rue the day you were born."

"A fig for the American army!" sneered the guerrilla chief. "She is mine, and mine she shall remain."

"She cannot be yours, sir, she is the wife of another."

"She can be mine for all that," he returned, "and if I care to marry her, it is an easy matter to make her a widow."

"If you will cut these bonds from my limbs," said Ray, "and give me a sword, she and I both will agree to let you make her a widow if you can do it yourself in fair fight. Yea, more, I think she would agree in that case to voluntarily become your wife."

"Ha, ha, ha, Senor Capitan," laughed the guerrilla, "you speak quite confident."

"Certainly I do. Have you confidence enough to accept the challenge?"

"Of course I have; but why should I, when I have it in my power to dispose of you as I please? No, no, young man, I have both of you in my hands, and no power on earth can rob me of my revenge."

"I do not forget that there is a higher power," said Ray, "and the mad passions of men are but blind to the noble law of justice and right."

will sooner or later roll back this outrage on your head."

"I will take the chances on that," returned Cardenas. "Anita Gonzales is mine, and you will never look upon her face again."

"I will see her again," said Ray, "and you will yet feel the weight of my vengeance, for it is impossible for such cowardly sneaks as you to go long unpunished."

Again the guerrilla chief laughed and said:

"You can have one consolation, Senor Capitan, and that is, Senora Anita shall in no wise lack for attention, for I will see to it that she has a more devoted husband than the one she has lost."

At that Ray struggled furiously against his bonds to get at the wretch, but he was bound hard and fast, and was, therefore, as helpless as an infant.

"Be careful," said Cardenas, tauntingly; "you may hurt yourself."

"Coward—fiend!" hissed Ray. "My comrades will find you out, and when they do you will know what vengeance is."

"Oh, I know something about vengeance now, for I am working it out on you and the senora."

Ray made no reply, but chafed like a young tiger in the bonds that held him. After a couple of hours' rest the guerrillas resumed the march, going still further into the mountains. When night overtook them they had reached a spot which had formerly been the camp of a famous guerrilla chieftain. The log cabins were still standing there, near the banks of a wild, rushing mountain torrent. Back of the cabins, under overhanging crags, was the entrance to an immense cavern. All these Ray took in at a glance as they descended the mountainside. Cardenas, pointing to a double cabin, said to him:

"Senora Anita and I will reside there. She shall want for nothing. Your home will be in yonder cavern, where the sunlight never enters. When she is reconciled to the change of husbands, you may be permitted to go in peace, otherwise you shall perish before her eyes. Away with him!"

## CHAPTER XII.—A Terrible Struggle.

Captain Ray was led into the cavern under the crags and placed in a stronghold made of logs and stones. A chain held him to the wall, giving him about five feet of space to move about in.

"This is terrible!" he groaned, as soon as his captors had left him alone. "Oh, my Anita, what do you not suffer, and all because of your love for me. My God, how can such a wretch as Cardenas be permitted to curse the earth with his presence? Is there no way of escape for me, that I may fly to her assistance?"

He tugged at his chain and tested its strength. It was strong enough to hold a lion. The logs were imbedded in stone and cement till they seemed part of the mountain itself. The darkness of night came on, and neither water nor food was given him. He laid down as well as the chain would let him, and tried to sleep. But no sleep came to him that night. The thought that Anita was victim of the brutal Cardenas haunted him. Maybe she was at that moment vainly struggling to free herself from his grasp, and wildly calling on him to save her.



"Oh, God," he groaned, "let me wake and find it all a dream! Save her—save her from Cardenas!"

Where was Anita all this time? She had been separated from her husband sent on ahead by the guerrilla. She reached the mountain stronghold in advance of the others, and was in the double log cabin when Ray was sent to the cavern. But she was not permitted either to see or speak to him, and really did not know that he was sent there. In the evening Cardenas called at the cabin, where Anita and her maid were in charge of an old crone.

"Colonel Cardenas," cried Anita, the moment the guerrilla chief entered the cabin, "where is my husband? What have you done with him?"

"Your husband is here, senora," he replied. "Behold him!"

"You?" she gasped.

"Yes, I am your husband henceforth," and he advanced toward her with outstretched hands, as if to clasp her in his arms.

Anita gave a scream and sprang away from him. He rushed at her and caught her in his arms. She screamed at the top of her voice and clawed his face with both hands.

"Ten thousand maledictions!" he roared, throwing her from him with a sudden energy that hurled her halfway across the room. "You are worse than a cougar!"

His face was bleeding in a dozen places from the effects of her nails.

"Diablos!" he hissed, as he applied a handkerchief to his burning visage. "I've a mind to have you stripped and flogged, you she-cat!"

"Fiend! Coward! Brute!" she hissed, now aroused to the fury of a maniac. "I'll tear your old eyes out!" and she flew at him like a tigress.

He caught her by one arm and attempted to seize the other and hold her. But he did not succeed, and her nails tore the skin off his face as effectually as if she had indeed been a cat.

"Curse you, I'll brain you!" he exclaimed, and he would have felled her to the floor had not her maid rushed to her assistance, seized a dagger in his belt and wounded him with it.

"Maledictions!" he hissed. "They are armed! Is it not enough that they should have nails instead of knives?" and with that he fled from the cabin, bleeding profusely from his wound.

"Give me that dagger, Inez," said Anita, as soon as Cardenas was gone, "and shut the door."

The maid did as she was told, and then the two turned on the old crone who had charge of them, and ordered her out of the cabin. She refused to go, and drew a long, ugly-looking knife. Inez and Anita began hurling household articles at her head, and in a couple of minutes she dropped the knife and fled from the cabin. Anita picked up the knife and vowed she would kill Cardenas with it if he dared come back again. Then they barricaded the door, after which they made a search for provisions, and found enough to last them a fortnight, except in the matter of water.

"Well, we have enough to last us three days if we use it carefully," said Anita. "After that we will have to do the best we can, Inez."

Then she thought of her husband, and the suspense that filled her heart caused her to burst into tears and weep hysterically. Tears did her good, and in a little while, comforted by the ministrations of faithful Inez, she was calm and

more composed than ever. Cardenas was very sore from the effects of the flesh wounds inflicted by Inez. Yet he was able to return to the cabin to demand that the old crone be allowed to live in the house with them.

"If she comes back here I'll kill her!" said Anita, very determinedly.

"Anita, it's useless for you to fight against your fate," he said. "You may as well yield and make the best you can of the situation."

"Never," she replied. "If I find that fate is against me I shall plunge this dagger to the hilt in my heart."

He started.

"You would not do that," he said, after a pause.

"I would. Death is preferable to a wretch like you."

"You talk like a fool, Anita."

"And you like a cowardly knave. Death would be a pleasure in comparison to a union with you. Do you know where my husband is?"

"Yes, I have him chained, and am going to let him starve to death if you do not yield."

### CHAPTER XIII.—Anita and Inez Find Ray.

The guerrilla's terrible threat had the effect of almost paralyzing Anita, and she leaned against the wall for support. Fortunately for her, Cardenas was not aware of it. He heard the maid speaking softly and tenderly to her mistress, but did not know she was consoling her.

He went away after making his threats, and did not return again till the next morning. In the meantime Anita and Inez held possession of the cabin, and when they arose the next morning they found that sentinels had been placed around the little house. The day passed, and as the shades of night gathered around them again they discovered that the last drop of the water in the cabin had gone.

"I fear not death myself," said Anita, "but to doom him I love better than my own soul to a like fate is horrible."

"We can live several days without water," said Inez.

"Yes," replied her mistress, "but my husband is thirsty and starving," and she burst into tears and wept long and hysterically.

Late in the night Anita sprang up and exclaimed:

"Inez, Inez!"

"Here I am. What is it?" Inez replied.

"We have not searched the house to see if we could not escape."

"Why, I never thought of it," replied Inez.

"Neither did I. Get up and let us see."

Inez arose and struck a light. After searching for some time they found a trap-door in the floor under the bed.

"Oh, heavens," cried Anita, "where can it lead to?"

Inez had lighted a lantern and was holding it in her left hand, while in the right she carried the long knife taken from the old crone. Anita exerted her strength and raised the door. A small, rude ladder led down into a dark hole. Then she took the lantern from Inez and held it as far down as she could.



"It seems to be nothing but a little cellar," she said to her maid. Then let us go down into it and see," suggested Inez, and they both proceeded to descend through the trap-door. Down in the little cellar, they held up the lantern and glanced quickly around.

"Oh, look," cried Inez, "there's ever so many bottles of wine—just what you need, dear mistress."

She seized a bottle of the wine and looked at the label. They both recognized the label as one of the famous vintages of Mexico.

"Break the neck of it," said Anita, "for I am dying of thirst."

Inez broke the neck of the bottle by striking it against the ladder, and then handed it to her mistress. Anita drank of the delicious beverage, and then returned the bottle to her maid, who followed her example.

"How delicious and cold it is," said Inez, smacking her pretty lips with satisfaction.

"Yes," returned Anita; "what would I not give if my husband had a bottle of it."

Having quenched their thirst, they resumed their search of the cellar. In a large box in the corner they found a number of firearms and other weapons of various descriptions.

"Oh, if we only had some one here to use them," sighed Anita.

Behind the box Inez thought she saw the part of a door, and she called Anita's attention to it. They undertook to remove the box, but it defied their efforts.

"Let us take out these weapons," said Anita, "and then we can move it."

After removing about half the firearms from the box they succeeded in dragging it away from before the door.

"Why, it is fastened," said Inez.

"Yes, but on this side," replied Inez.

An iron bolt was imbedded in the heavy oaken post, holding the door securely closed. By a little exertion of strength Anita shoved it back and opened the door, revealing a dark, narrow passage beyond.

"Oh, Inez," she cried, "this surely leads out of this horrible place."

"It leads somewhere," said Inez, "and we might as well follow and see where."

They entered the passage, moving slowly and holding the lantern in front, and followed it some two or three hundred paces, when it suddenly ended in a large chamber, the walls of which they could not see on account of the intense darkness.

"Where are we now?" Inez asked.

"Heaven save us!" replied Anita. "I don't know."

"We are out in the open air," said Inez.

"No; I think we must be in a cave, for our voices sound as if we were in some chamber."

Suddenly they were startled at hearing a voice say:

"For God's sake, come here with that light!"

"Hark!" said Inez. "Did you hear that?"

"Yes," cried Anita, "and the voice sounded like my husband's. Speak—speak!" cried Anita.

"Anita, Anita," called the voice, "come to me."

With a cry of joy both women sprang forward in the direction of the voice. They ran but a few paces, when they came up against a wall of wood and stone.

"Where are you, capitan—where are you?" cried Anita.

"In here—around the other way," replied Ray.

They both ran around to the other side, and found themselves in the inclosure, with Captain Ray standing near the center, with a great clanking chain attached to his leg.

"My husband!" cried Anita.

"My wife!" exclaimed Ray, and the next moment they were clasped in each other's arms.

"Thank God, I have found you!" she said.

"And you, my darling," he exclaimed, "have you been harmed?"

"No, no!" she replied. "I have been able to defy the wretch."

Anita then told him how the log cabin was situated, and what had happened there since she arrived there. Then she told him how she had found the secret passage which led into the cave.

"Oh, my darling!" she tenderly exclaimed, "you are dying of hunger."

"I am very hungry," he said.

"Inez, come with me, quick! We will soon have wine and food for him."

She kissed him tenderly, and then seized the lantern and started to find the secret passage by which she had reached the cavern. Inez was close by her side, and in a few minutes they were again treading the narrow passage.

#### CHAPTER XIV.—Escape of the Prisoners.

On their way back to the cabin mistress and maid lost but little time. They found things just as they had left them. While Inez secured a bottle of wine, Anita hurriedly gathered a meal of provisions from the supply they had found in the cabin. Then they hastened to return to the cavern.

"Here are both food and drink," said Anita to her husband.

While he was eating Anita and Inez, by the aid of the lantern, explored that part of the cavern in which Ray was confined.

"Escape would be an easy matter," said Ray, as he watched them, "but for this chain."

"Is there no way to sever it?" Anita asked.

"Plenty of ways," he replied, "but not the tools wherewith to do it."

"What tools are needed?"

The two women looked at each other.

"Why," said Inez, "there are three or four small files in the cupboard."

"Bring them to me," said Ray, eagerly, "and I will soon be free."

Again Anita seized the lantern and started for the cabin, followed by Inez. When they reached it Inez went straight to the cupboard, where were found several files, screwdrivers and gimlets, together with some nails and a hatchet. Taking the hatchet and files, they hurried back as fast as the narrow passage would admit of.

"Will these do?" Anita asked, as she handed Ray the files.

"I don't know," he said, "but I will soon see," and he took the files and began filing one of the links of the chain nearest his ankle. "Yes, these will do," he continued, filing away with great energy, "but it is slow work."



As he worked Anita sat by, holding the lantern, praying to all the saints with every breath she drew that fortune might favor him. At the end of an hour and a half the link was severed and the chain fell from his limb. With a low, glad cry Anita sprang forward and caught him in her arms.

"Now we can go," she said.

"Yes," he replied, "if we can get away unobserved."

"Come," she said, "we will go to the cabin, where you can have more food and drink, and can select such arms as you need."

They proceeded at once to the secret passage, and in a few minutes they were in the cabin. With the caution of an old soldier used to perils of all kinds, Ray proceeded to bar the door of the passage. Then he drank more wine and ate more food. His next move was to inspect the arms found in the cellar. His own weapons had been taken away from him. In the box he found several rusty swords and pistols. In another place he found also a quantity of ammunition. He secured pistols and took a part of the ammunition, secreting all about his person. Then a larger dagger was appropriated.

"Now we want provisions," he said, turning to Anita and Inez. "We must take three or four days' supply with us."

They at once went to work to prepare rations to last them in their tramp through the mountains. While engaged in all this they scarcely spoke above whispers, and stepped about as silently as shadows.

"Now, tell me where the sentinels are," he whispered to Anita.

"They pace back and forth at either end," she replied, "about twenty paces distant from the house."

"Then we cannot pass out the door without being seen?"

"No, the sentinel will be sure to see us."

"Then we must go back through the passage to the cavern and get out that way."

"Oh, yes, I never thought of that."

He led the way along the passage back to the cavern, followed by the two women, with the confident feeling that at last they were about to escape the clutches of the brutal Cardenas. On reaching the cavern Ray advanced pretty close to the entrance, and then extinguished the lantern.

"Now not a word must be uttered," he whispered. "You hold Inez's hand, Anita, and give me yours."

They quickly obeyed, and then he led them out of the cavern into the open air. It was very dark without, and muttering thunder, foretold the coming of a storm.

"Would to God," muttered Ray to himself, "that the thunder would roll for ten minutes or more! If we can get beyond the cabins we are safe."

The muttering thunder continued at intervals, and the three figures crept like silent specters along under the trees by the cabins.

In a little while they began to ascend the road which led up through the mountains. Ray had specially charged his memory with every landmark on the way, and only once did he miss the path. Then a little searching placed him right again, after which they moved on as fast as they

could walk. The thunder continued rolling through the mountains in peals that shook the earth, and by and by vivid flashings of lightning lighted up the scene with the glare of noonday.

"Oh, mercy!" exclaimed Anita, "I fear a deluge is coming."

"Do not be uneasy," cried Ray, "for we can find shelter."

"Where can we find it in such a place as this?"

"Under some of these shelving rocks," he replied. "There, I see a place now," as a vivid flash of lightning came and revealed to him a sheltered spot a little distance ahead.

He seized Anita's hand and ran forward, while great drops of rain presaged the coming storm.

## CHAPTER XV.—Fugitives.

They had scarcely reached the shelter of the rocks ere the rain came down in torrents. The water rushed down the side of the mountain and poured over the shelving rock as over a mill-dam. Yet the shelter was secure, and they stood there for over an hour, listening to the awful roar of the elements. Occasionally vivid flashes of lightning would light up the scene, and then a pitchy darkness would follow. The storm soon spent itself, and ceased as suddenly as it began. The stars came out and shone as bright as ever.

"This is dreadful," said Anita, as she leaned on her young husband's arm and gazed upon the star-lit scene. "You don't know how glad I am that it rained."

"Yes, it cooled the air and destroyed our trail," said Captain Ray. "As soon as the currents run down we will go as fast as we can. We must get as far away from Cardenas as we possibly can."

"Yes, for he will be in a terrible rage if he were to find us again," replied Anita. "I would prefer death to falling into his hands again."

"So would I. I would not be taken alive."

The roar of the torrents rushing down the mountainside gradually lessened, and by and by they began to prepare to resume their journey over the mountains. Ray had no watch to consult as to the time when they left the protection of the rocks, but in a little while after leaving Inez suddenly exclaimed:

"Look there! The sun will soon be up!" and she pointed toward the Eastern horizon, through a cleft in the mountain, where gray streaks heralds of the coming day, were shooting upward.

"Ah, I am sorry it comes so soon," said Anita. "The longer it is delayed the more it benefits us."

"Never mind about that," said Ray. "We can travel all the faster by daylight."

Scanning the horizon as far as she could, Anita said:

"It will be over an hour ere the sun rises. It will be almost noon ere that wretch will go to the cabin to taunt me. Oh, we can make many a mile before they find out that we have left."

"But those miles will be weary ones for my Anita," said Ray, "and she will faint under the hot sun."

"No, indeed. I am a native of Mexico. Where you can go, there your Anita will go also."

"How like a true soldier's wife!" he exclaimed, pressing her to his side. "God give me strength



to save you for the happiness you will bestow upon me."

It grew brighter as they moved on, and in about an hour from the time Inez first saw the gray streaks of dawn the sun began to gild the tops of the mountain spurs. Soon after sunrise they came to a small stream that bounded down the mountainside. The water was as clear as crystals and very cold, coming from the cold regions thousands of feet above.

"We may as well stop here and eat our breakfast," said Ray. "I am not strong enough yet to go on with an empty stomach."

"Then let's stop and eat. I would feel better myself if I had breakfast. Oh, how cold the water is!" and Anita put her hand in the water as she spoke.

Inez and her young mistress soon had the cold lunch and a bottle of wine on the grass, ready for use. They lost no time in making a hearty meal of the good things that had been found in the cellar of the log cabin.

"I feel strong enough now to carry you on my shoulder," said Ray, laughing good-naturedly, as he took Anita by the waist and lifted her off her feet.

"You would not carry me very far," she replied, "for I am a very solid girl."

"Yes, I know you are," he said; "but I love the solid girl so much that she can never be a heavy burden to me."

"How beautiful!" and she gave him a kiss for the compliment.

"And how true!" he returned.

"Better be making tracks instead of love," said Inez, laughing, as she began packing up the remains of the lunch.

"Inez's head is very level," remarked Ray, as he started off, leading Anita by the hand. "She deserves to get a good man, who will teach her all that is worth knowing about love."

It grew very hot as the sun rose higher up above the mountain, and at times Anita became quite faint.

"This won't do, my darling," said Ray, looking anxiously at the brave young bride at his side. "We must find a shady nook, and wait there till the heat of the day is past."

"No—no, let's go on," she pleaded. "I will soon be strong again."

"No—no further. Come this way; I think we can find shelter under yonder crags."

And he led her off toward a huge craggy precipice on the right of the road some two hundred yards away.

"Why, there's a cavern there!" cried Inez, as they approached the crags.

"Yes, and that's a cool place at all times," remarked Ray.

Inez ran to the entrance to the cavern and stopped very suddenly.

Then she recoiled with a look of horror on her face.

"There's a man in there!" she gasped, as she stepped back.

As she spoke a venerable-looking old Mexican, whose hair and beard were white as snow, came slowly toward them from within the cave.

He spoke in Spanish, and said:

"If you seek safety you can find it here," and then he looked hard at the young captain, as if

the sight of his uniform was exceedingly repugnant to him.

"We do seek a hiding-place," said Anita in Spanish, "and hope you will allow us to rest here till the heat of the day is past."

"Are you Americanos?"

"No—I am the daughter of General Gonzales, of the city of Mexico, and this is my husband, Captain Ray, of the American army," and she took Ray's arm and stood proudly by his side as she spoke.

"Have you married one of the enemies of your country?"

"No. He is a friend to Mexico now. The war has ceased."

"But he was an enemy?"

"Yes, and a brave one."

The old man gazed hard at her for nearly a minute, and then asked:

"Did your father consent to your marriage?"

"Yes, and gave us his blessing."

"Then why are you here in his plight?"

"We were seized by the guerrilla Cardenas, and carried away up into the mountain. We made our escape last night."

"Why did Cardenas capture you?"

"Because he wanted me to be his wife, and I did not love him."

"Are you telling me the truth?"

"Anita Gonzales was never known to tell a falsehood," was the haughty reply.

"Then you can have shelter here," said the old man, "but I never thought I should ever give aid to the hated Americanos."

## CHAPTER XVI.—The Old Man of the Cave.

Anita turned and repeated the old man's words to Ray. The young officer was indignant.

"The old rascal!" he exclaimed; "he would betray us in a minute. I've a mind to leave and seek a resting place somewhere."

"I will go where you go," she said.

"Then tell him we do not desire shelter with one who has none of the instincts of manhood left in him."

Anita repeated his words in Spanish to the old man.

"What!" he exclaimed. "Does he insult me while asking a favor at my hands? I'll have him thrashed like a dog. Pedro! Pedro!"

A moment later a burly Mexican, with a villainous countenance, came running from within the dark recesses of the cavern.

"He says he'll have you thrashed," said Anita to her husband.

The old man spoke to the villainous Mexican in a tongue which even Anita did not understand. The man growled like a great brute, and made a rush at Ray. But Anita's warning had put him on his guard, and as the villain made a rush at him he drew the sword he carried and held him at bay. The wretch recoiled from before the point of the sword. The old man spoke fiercely to him, and he stooped to pick up a stone.

"I shall have to pistol him," said Ray, drawing his pistol.

The man was about to hurl a stone when Ray fired. With a howl the man dropped the stone,



pressed his hands to his breast and staggered away, falling prone on the ground within a few feet of Inez.

"Come away, Anita," said Ray. "We don't want to stop here now," and Ray turned to retrace his footsteps.

Anita and Inez followed him. They hastened forward as fast as they could and soon came in sight of a small party of American soldiers, who had stopped to drink water from a spring. Ray called out to them.

"There's the captain!" cried one of the men, putting spurs to his horse and dashing up to meet him and the two women. With a whoop and a yell the whole band came rushing forward, with Lieutenant Graham at their head.

"Thank God, we have found you, captain!" cried Graham, leaping to the ground and grasping his hand. "We've been hunting for you day and night since you were captured."

The entire band dismounted and crowded around to shake hands with the brave young leader and his bride.

"Boys," cried Ray, "I have been kept chained in a cavern and left to starve by that wretch Cardenas. My wife and her maid succeeded in getting to me and helping me to escape. I want to catch that villain. Will you help me do it?"

"Yes, yes!" came from seventy-five throats, as if they were but one.

"Have you any empty saddles?"

"Yes, five," said Graham.

"Then we'll mount and go back at once."

Anita and Inez gleefully joined in the chase back over the mountains in quest of Cardenas. Two trustworthy scouts were sent out in advance, and when they were about halfway back to the guerrillas' stronghold they saw a party of guerrillas coming. One at once ran back to notify the command.

"We'll bag 'em," said Ray, "and make 'em tell where Cardenas is at present."

Accordingly, he disposed of his men so as not to be seen till he gave the word.

The guerrillas, only a dozen in number, came along at a brisk run, looking here and there, as if in search of some one. Suddenly the cry of:

"Halt! Surrender!" startled them, and on looking around they found themselves completely surrounded by Americans. They very promptly surrendered, for they knew what the consequences would be if they refused or attempted to resist.

"Where is Cardenas?" Graham asked, in broken Spanish.

"He is coming."

"When?"

"Now."

"Thank God for that! Sergeant, take those men down into that hollow and keep them till further orders. If they make any noise or give you any trouble, shoot 'em on the spot."

The sergeant took a file of men along as a guard, and marched the prisoners down into a deep gorge of the mountains, while Ray and the rest of the command prepared to meet the main body of the guerrillas. They soon secured a good place in which to ambush the enemy, and then waited patiently for results.

## CHAPTER XVII.—The Hunted Turns Hunter.

Let us now go back a few days to the night of the outrageous seizure of Captain Ray and his bride. As the reader is aware, the house was surrounded, and the capture made without the firing of a shot. Not a soul was allowed to leave the premises under pain of death; and no one dared leave under such a threat from Colonel Cardenas. It can readily be understood, therefore, how it happened that Lieutenant Graham and his brave followers down at the spring below the house did not hear of the capture till after sunrise the next morning. Then they got the news from one of the peons on the place.

"To arms—to arms!" cried Graham the moment he heard the news. "Mount and away!"

The brave fellows sprang into their saddles, and, without having eaten any breakfast, charged up the hill at full speed in the direction of the house. There the lieutenant learned everything from the haciendado, who told the whole truth.

"Was Colonel Cardenas in command of the Mexicans?" Graham asked.

"Yes, though I did not see him," was the reply.

"Which way did they go?"

"Up the road toward the Capitol."

"How many men were there?"

"Several hundred. It was too dark for me to get any idea of their numbers."

Graham turned to his men and said:

"Captain Ray and his bride have been seized by Cardenas, the guerrilla, and carried off. We'll have them back, if we have to kill every guerrilla in Mexico. Forward!"

With yells for vengeance, the brave fellows dashed forward, and went thundering along the road like a rolling thunder-bolt.

At last they came to where a smaller road led off into the mountains. Graham had been thinking about the course Cardenas would be the most likely to pursue under the circumstances.

He turned out into the first road that led up into the mountains, and pushed forward as fast as the rugged surface would admit of. Late in the afternoon he became convinced that he was on the wrong trail, and the thought made him frantic.

"They have got a good start of us," he said, "but we'll be on hand just when they won't want to see us," and he gave the order to counter-march and go back to the main road.

On the way back they met a band of guerrillas, numbering about 100 men. The Mexicans seemed astonished at seeing the Americans in that locality, and their leader asked:

"What are the Americanos doing here?"

"We are in search of Colonel Cardenas' command," returned Graham.

"We are part of his command," said the leader of the band.

"Were you with him last night at the Barca hacienda?"

"No, we have not seen him for a week."

"Do you know where he is?"

"No."

"Do you think you could find him?"

"Yes. Why do the Americanos want to see him?"

"He seized Captain Ray and his wife at the



Barca hacienda last night, and carried them away. The American army will not leave the soil of Mexico until he is restored, and the villain Cardenas with him."

"The Senor Lieutenant talk very grand," remarked the Mexican.

"Once more!" cried Graham, "do you know where Cardenas can be found?"

"No," was the gruff reply.

"Very well. You may go on your way. We'll find him or else occupy Mexico till doomsday."

The two commands passed each other and went their respective ways. But Graham was half inclined to the belief that it was the same party which had captured Ray and his bride. Once more in the main road, they pushed on till night compelled them to go into camp. The next morning they again turned off into the mountains, following a road that led off to the left. The way was rugged in the extreme, and the whole day was spent in making about ten miles.

Four or five days were spent in the mountains searching for the guerrillas, after which Graham reluctantly gave the order for them to go back to the main road and make another start. They were on their way back when they were seen by Anita. The meeting was a joyous one, and, with the young leader of the Forlorn Hope at their head, the brave troopers thirsted for vengeance on Cardenas.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.—The Meeting in the Mountains.

It was nearly noon the day after our hero's escape from the cavern in which he had been chained, when Cardenas, the guerrilla, repaired to the cabin to speak to Anita, and ascertain if she was yet defiant as ever.

"Senora Anita," he called, "I salute you good-morning."

No reply coming, he said:

"You should not be so cruel, Anita, for by relenting you could make two men happy who are now as unhappy as mortals can ever be."

Still no answer.

"Silence gives me hope, Anita," he continued. "Speak the word, and I shall have a sumptuous repast served to Senor Captain Ray, and allow him to go free. He has had neither food nor drink since you came here. Surely you will not thus slowly torture him to death by your foolish obstinacy?"

He dared not go near enough to apply his eyes to any crevice, for fear he would lose them. The truth is, he was really afraid of the determined Anita, and felt that she was trying to play him a trick of some kind. Instead, therefore, of trying to see what was going on in the cabin, by peeping through the crevices, he went to one of the guards and asked:

"Have you noticed anything going on in the cabin this morning?"

"Senor Colonel," replied the guard, saluting, "they have been very quiet this morning."

Ray was uneasy. He repaired at once to the cavern, determined to bring Ray out and see if he was in front of the cabin if she did not come. His visit to the cavern told him that Ray was silent in the cabin. The

birds had flown. He rushed out of the cavern, yelling at the top of his voice:

"To arms! To arms! The prisoner has escaped!"

Instantly the greatest excitement imaginable prevailed among the guerrillas. They ran hither and thither, in the greatest confusion, preparing to mount. Cardenas was in a furious rage. In a few minutes he had a half dozen different parties going in as many directions. Then he set out himself toward the main highway, at the head of fifty men, determined to recapture them at all hazards. On they rushed over the mountains, making faster speed than ever before in that region. The great storm just after midnight obliterated every vestige of their trail. They pushed forward toward the main road, knowing that Ray would naturally make his way in the same direction.

When about halfway out to the main road he sent a party of a dozen scouts on ahead to look out for any Americanos. He did not wish to meet any American soldiers unless he was strong enough to overwhelm and annihilate them. The truth is, if Ray got back to the American army, the guerrilla feared that General Scott would make a demand for him. He was riding along at the head of his men, when, just as they had reached a deep gorge, he was startled by the cry of:

"Halt!"

"Who halts me?" he demanded, looking around in the direction of the voice.

"Captain Ray, of the American army."

"Why don't you show yourself?"

"Do you want to see me?"

"Yes."

"Show yourselves, men!"

Instantly every man of Ray's command sprang up and leveled his rifle at the guerrillas.

A half dozen men covered Cardenas himself.

"Do you see me?" Ray asked, stepping out in front of the guerrilla chief.

"Yes," he hoarsely answered.

"Do you see me?" Anita asked, showing herself a moment later by the side of her husband.

"And do you see me?" Inez asked, tripping gracefully up behind her mistress.

"Do you surrender?" Ray asked.

For answer Cardenas put spurs to his horse and dashed away like a rocket.

"Crack! cra-a-ack!" went half a dozen rifles, leveled at his horse, for Ray had given strict orders that he was to be taken alive. His horse went down, and he rolled over on the ground with him. The guerrillas returned the fire, and make a break to escape.

"Fire!" cried Ray.

Instantly the work of death began. A dozen saddles were quickly emptied, and then a wild panic ensued among the wretches. They uttered howls of rage, pain, and fear, and made frantic efforts to get away from the spot. During the few moments spent in the struggle with the main body of the guerrillas the leader managed to slip away from his dead horse and get into a thicket which covered that side of the mountain. When Ray rushed up to where the chief and his horse had gone down together, he found only the



dead horse there. Looking around, he saw where the chief could have escaped into the bushes. He sprang forward and beat about with his sword, in the eager hope of finding him. But seeing nothing of him he gave the alarm, and set the entire command to searching for him. The soldiers soon spread themselves over the side of the mountain, and guarded every point while the search was going on. Hour after hour passed, and still the guerrilla chief was non est. He seemed to have vanished into thin air all at once. The hunt went on till the setting sun began to cast dark shadows across the gorges and little valleys.

"If night comes before we find him," said Lieutenant Graham, "he'll get away altogether."

"Yes," said Ray, "we must find him at once, or he'll give us the slip. Come, let's go up again."

They had not gone fifty yards up the mountain-side, when Inez uttered a cry of:

"There he is!"

"Where?"

"In there," pointing to a crevice in a huge pile of loose rocks, where a small portion of his uniform could be seen.

"Come out, you cowardly sneak, and let us have a look at you," said Ray.

"I am coming," replied Cardenas, rushing out and making a furious attack on Ray.

## CHAPTER XIX.—Capture of Cardenas.

Graham and half a dozen men came rushing up. Ray drew his pistol.

"Take him!" he sternly ordered, as he aimed at his head. "If he resists any further I'll put a bullet through his head!"

Cardenas made no resistance when the final rush was made. Graham ran up and disarmed him. He was promptly bound and then led back down toward the spot where the short, sharp fight took place. There a dozen dead guerrillas lay on the ground.

The command was given to move nearer the main road, which was several miles away. They could not hope to reach it that night, but wanted to get away from the dead bodies. A slow march of a mile or so brought them to a suitable spot for a camp. The men made out to get a good supper, and then they crowded around the main camp-fire to look at the famous guerrilla chief.

"Colonel," said Ray, "you are in a bad fix."

"My government will protect me," he said.

"Your government is not here. I don't think it even knows you are here in limbo. You are going to have your case submitted to a court, from whose decision there is no appeal. Your life is in the hands of my wife, Anita."

Cardenas started. He knew the merciless hate of Mexican women. Anita smiled.

"I am judge at last," she said, "and Senor Cardenas is the first up for sentence."

The guerrilla gazed at her in profound silence, and she returned his gaze unflinchingly.

"Senor Anita," he said, "I once had the right to look upon you almost as an affianced wife. Your father had given his consent to——"

"That will do on that point!" she exclaimed, interrupting him very promptly. "I am the wife

of a better man. You have committed an outrage on my husband which a dozen lives like yours could not atone for. He has given your life to me. I shall sentence you to die as they sentence criminals to die in his country—and that is, that you shall be hanged by the neck until you are dead."

"No, no!" groaned Cardenas, falling on his knees and begging like a cur. "You would not do that! You do not mean it! You do not mean it!"

During the night a strong guard was placed over the guerrilla chief, to prevent his rescue or escape. During the evening Ray and Graham talked over the affair.

"Shall I make a detail for the execution?" Graham asked.

"Yes, and see that he is hanged properly. He ought to be burned at the stake."

All night long the cowardly wretch begged for his life, but no one paid any attention to him. When daylight came he was still begging. But Lieutenant Graham secured a halter and prepared a noose to go over his head.

"Senor Lieutenant," called the doomed wretch to Graham, "will you send Senora Anita to me for the last time?"

"No. She is sleeping. I shall not disturb her," replied Graham, "although you had her dragged out of bed once by rude men, laughing at her modesty. Why don't you show us how a brave Mexican can die for his country? Are you a coward all through? I thought you claimed to be one of the heroes of the war?"

"I never made any such claim," he replied. "I object to being murdered like a dog."

The wretch cursed and swore in choice Spanish, and in such stentorian tones as to cause Graham to order the hanging done at once. Half a dozen soldiers seized him and placed the halter over his head. Then they carried him about one hundred yards below the camp, where the end of the halter was thrown over a limb.

"Five minutes for prayers!" said Graham, taking out his watch and timing it.

Cardenas still cursed the whole American army, and in another breath begged pitcously for his life.

"Up with him!" cried Graham, and he was drawn up about five feet above the ground.

He squirmed like an eel for a couple of minutes, and then gave a shudder that seemed to convulse his whole frame. After that all was still.

"That ends Cardenas," said the lieutenant.

The halter was secured so as to keep him there, and thus they left him.

Captain Ray returned to his Southern home with his bride, and received such a welcome from his people as to make Anita believe that she had indeed married a real live hero. They settled down to a life of domestic happiness, and a year later a son was born to them, whom they named Gonzales Ray, after his maternal grandfather. Two years later Anita's father paid her a visit and died while with her. He left a large fortune to her and Ray.

Next week's issue will contain: "THE TEN TREASURE HOUSES OF THE TARTAR KING."



## CURRENT NEWS

## BOTTLES IN FOUNDATION

Gone are the days of riotous living in Horton, Kan., as evidenced by the dismantling of a former resort and the construction on its site of a barber shop. The contractor has utilized the stocks of bottles in the warehouse and the piles of flasks in the yard instead of stone as the concrete filling for the foundation. The coffin of four full quarts stands braced by a half-pint basket of firewater containers. Bourbon and applejack alike are gone, but their memory still clings to the possible patrons of the shop.

## LOST MAN'S BODY FOUND

The body of a man identified as a lumberjack, who was lost in the woods near Kelliher, Minn., about seven years ago, was found the other day by men who were blasting stumps on the farm of B. M. Armstrong, two and one-half miles northeast of Kelliher. Rings and clothing were identified by old settlers as belonging to Tom Murray, an old woodsman who was lost in the woods one winter night. It is believed the man attempted to make his way to Kelliher from the cabin of a settler where he was visiting, and perished.

## WOMAN RAISED POTATO CROP

Mrs. Earle Remington, society matron, has just harvested a crop of potatoes which she raised herself on a vacant acre adjoining her home, No. 1436 Crenshaw Boulevard, Los Angeles, Cal. But she didn't do it, as one might suppose, as an indignant yet practical thrust at the potato profiteers. She did it for charity. The aristocratic spuds will be sold for the benefit of the Assistance League of Southern California. Moreover, there are some beans and corn coming along that will go to the same worthy cause.

"I wanted to do something of my very own to help the league," Mrs. Remington explained, leaning gracefully on the hoe which she has made a terror to weeds. "So I took up farming. I did all the work myself, except the ploughing, and I like it. It is great fun watching things grow and knowing that one is doing something worth while. I believe if more society women would take up the idea there would be less frivolity and more health, as well as more potatoes. It was lots of fun, and I also acquired a fine coat of tan.

Mrs. Remington rolled back a sleeve and exhibited some of the evidence. It was very convincing evidence.

## SNAKES AT FASHIONABLE RESORT

Alarmed by the appearance of hundreds of rattlesnakes and copperheads in the vicinity of Millbrook, N. Y., the fashionable summer colony of this country, the farmers, and other residents have organized to destroy the reptiles.

Within two days, two men have been bitten and taken to hospitals. These are George Swenson and Charles Simpson, both of Poughkeepsie. The former has been employed at Millbrook, while the latter was there visiting. Swenson was brought to St. Francis Hospital in this city,

and Simpson was placed on the N. D. and C. train at Millbrook and taken to St. Luke's Hospital, Newburgh. Both are in a critical condition.

Swenson was sitting on a wall in Millbrook, when he heard a peculiar whirring sound. Not recognizing it as anything familiar, he looked about and was horrified to find that he was staring at a rattlesnake, which was coiled, ready to strike. Instinctively, he threw his hand in the air to shield his face, and as he did so the snake struck, burying its fangs in his arm. Remembering all that he had heard of first aid in snake-bite cases, the young man fashioned a tourniquet, then took his penknife and cut away the flesh from the part of his arm penetrated by the snake's fangs.

## ABOUT THE DISMAL SWAMP

The name Dismal Swamp is a by-word everywhere, and a legend has grown up around it of a dreary, boggy, unknown region of snakes and dark, damp thickets, where runaway slaves fled for refuge. This region is but little better known to-day than it was when George Washington himself laid out a route through it.

The swamp is old historically. The first settlers at Norfolk and the region round about knew of it as a wild, impassable bit of country full of game and of valuable timber—cypress, so good for making shingles; juniper, black gum and beech. In 1728, Col. Byrd, while trying to establish the boundary line between Virginia and North Carolina, ran a survey across it, working with the greatest difficulty and making only a mile a day through the thick growth. He it was who named it the Dismal Swamp.

Later surveys and government maps show that the wilderness contains about 800 square miles of wood and water lying in a tract twenty miles wide and forty-five long, and extending twenty miles into Virginia and twenty-five miles into North Carolina. The soil is a sort of rich black vegetable mould, dry and caky at some seasons, and saturated with water at others.

The whole region is like a huge sponge, alternately dry and wet, and as the swamp level, curiously enough, is twenty feet above tidewater, it is the source of many rivers and streams.

There are deer in the woods, but it is the wild cattle that give the best sport. The ancestors of these "reed fed" cattle, as they are called, strayed in from the fields and took up their abode in the swamp. The result is a race of small, active, wild cattle, the flesh of which is a delicious combination of the qualities of wild game and tame animals.

There is a chance that before many years the greater part of the swamp will be redeemed from its present wildness into civilized farm land, but it will be many years before the bear and wild cattle and moccasin snakes disappear from their refuges, and before the rare plants and birds that still draw botanists and ornithologists from all parts of the country will be found only in museum show cases.



# CHARLIE CHAPMAN'S COURAGE

—OR—

## THE BOY WHO TOOK CARE OF HIS MOTHER

By WILLIAM WADE

(A SERIAL STORY)

### CHAPTER II. (continued)

"I will have to give up my school work and the plans for college, for——"

He did not finish his speech, for the judge was waving his arms in a gesture which meant "no reply."

Charlie went out, and the teacher followed him, to the side of the judge's buggy, where Charlie patted the sleek neck of the pretty little mare.

While they talked, the judge was opening the conversation inside.

"I want to talk money matters, Mrs. Chapman," he declared. "And that is why I preferred to do it with no one to hear us but you and I. This scheme of mine will be strictly confidential and I hope much for it."

Mrs. Chapman of course thought of the mortgage.

"Judge Cromley," she began in trembling tones, "I realize that it is time to talk of money matters. I have a small amount of money in the savings bank at the village, which I will turn over to you at once, and then——"

"But, my dear Mrs. Chapman, you don't understand; it isn't that which I mean," replied the judge.

"Well, judge, it is all I can pay now. For I want to get the mortgage paid off, and start with a clean slate."

The judge shook his kindly head, as he tapped on the table with his plump white fingers.

"There, there, now, you are worrying about this entirely too much. Some landlords, and money lenders, in this world are very mean and grasping. But others are different. I admit that always in the story books they try to foreclose the mortgage on the hero's home. But I'm not a villain of the books."

The judge drew forth the mortgage paper from his pocket, and handed it to Mrs. Chapman.

"There, you see it does not mature until next fall. And you must remember that it is merely for \$2,000 and that at the regulation interest. It is a business proposition with me, and that is a good investment on such a fine farm."

"But it is a disgrace," sobbed Mrs. Chapman. "I want to get it off the land."

"My dear lady, I assure you that I will gladly extend the time as long as you want it. Look—right now I make it another year, with this stroke of the pen."

The judge added this lengthened period to the mortgage, and signed his name to the addition.

"There, now you have another year, and I will grant a further extension if you wish. I was a friend of your husband's and am a friend to his

wife and son. This is no disgrace—why, in the great business houses mortgages are one of the chief means of raising money. A government bond is really a mortgage on Uncle Sam's property. But nobody will say that the old U. S. A. is in disgrace."

The widow could not speak her thanks at first. "Oh, but you are kind to us, judge. And we appreciated your offer to give Charlie a scholarship to college."

"That's all right. My money will be safe," said the judge. "I will still send Charlie there, and will advance enough money for him to have a good preparation there for a great profession. I will personally take up the management of your farm and let you look over all the accounts, and have hired men do the work. That means that you will easily make enough to cover the mortgage within the year and Charlie can go to college."

The widow's eyes glistened with tears.

"Judge, it is so good, so good!" said she. "I'll call in Charlie and ask him, if you are willing?"

"Yes, do. I was talking over the whole affair with Professor Burton. He declares that Charlie is the brightest boy he ever had in his classes, and that he will be a prize winner. Come on in, friends, come in," cried the judge, as he went to the doorway and beckoned to the others.

Charlie stepped in, a bit anxious to know the outcome of the interview.

His mother did not leave him long in doubt.

"Charlie, you may go to college after all, for the judge has fixed it all up for you."

"In what way?" asked the youth.

"He will hire men to work our farm, and will send you, and extend the time for payment of that \$2,000," said Mrs. Chapman.

"That's true," said the judge, with a kindly light in his honest eyes. "I mean every word of it, and have a lot more plans in the fire, for the lad who saved my daughter from the church fire last winter."

But Charlie, after a second's deep thought, shook his head.

"Judge, you are a true friend, as I told mother. But I cannot accept such an offer."

"Why not, boy? It means Cornell, and a profession!" exclaimed the teacher. "You will have no responsibility, except to forge ahead in your college work."

But Charlie Chapman was built of keener mettle, and he straightened up with a determined look, as he faced the three kindly faces.

"I know that it looks like easy sailing. But I would always be thinking of that mortgage, and the debt I would owe for my education at college. It would spoil me, and make me slight things to get through. I will stay here at home, where my real responsibility lies. I will protect and comfort my mother, and I will manage our farm myself, and do the work, instead of leaving it to the worry of the judge, and to a bunch of hired men who would do as they saw fit, and perhaps do wrongly."

"Spoken like a man," cried the judge. "But I have extended the time of the money payment, and you had better take a year at college, anyway, to see how it goes."

(To be continued)



## THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES.

### WRIT-SERVER STRIPS HORSE

Sam Page, a local junk dealer, of Bucyrus, O., who left his wagon outside a butcher shop door, returned to find the harness gone and the horse standing complacently between the shafts. A local constable, Adolph Rinker, had a replevin issued in a Justice Court on the harness and had served the replevin while the owner was buying meat.

### PUPIL'S RECORD PERFECT FOR YEARS

Albert Tegen, son of Mrs. August Meyer of Manitowoc, Mich., graduated from high school recently with a record, it is believed here, never equalled. During the entire fourteen years of his schooling he never missed a class and has never been tardy. He will go to the University of Wisconsin next year and says he hopes to finish four more years of perfect attendance.

### DOG GUIDES BLIND MAN

Raymond Randolph lost his sight at the Battle of Santiago and his Spanish fox terrier, Lucy acts as his eyes. After having traveled for years in all parts of the country, led all the time by only the faithful and careful dog, Randolph, a Baltimore, is now living in the city again at 125 North Greene Street. He earns a livelihood by selling pin-cushions, besides tuning pianos and performing other jobs. Lucy was born in Spain of a family trained especially for guiding blind people, it is said. Its master says the dog never leaves his side for any one with good vision, but will go to another blind person and lead the way just as she does for him.

### WILL CONTEST SETTLED

A will which Isaac Frank Stone, of Greenwich, Conn., former president of the National Aniline and Chemical Agency, signed merely with a scratch of the pen, was admitted to probate here by Judge Radford to-day, following a contest, in which Grace Stone Loyd, of Lynchburg, Va., daughter of the testator, asserted that her father was of unsound mind when he executed the will.

The estate, as estimated in the petition, amounts to \$700,000. Grace Stone Loyd is to receive \$10,000 outright and the income from \$100,000, the principal to revert to her children on her death.

### SOME REMARKABLE RUINS

Excavations in the Pueblo ruins in Aztec, N. M., carried on by the American Museum of Natural History of New York City, have brought to light a sealed room which gives every evidence of a high artistic development on the part of those who built it.

Dr. Clark Wissler, curator of the museum's department of anthropology and director of the expedition, gives the following description of it in a letter telling of the discovery:

"The room is in perfect condition. The interior is plastered and painted in a brilliant white with dull red side borders and a running series of triangular designs. No room approaching this in

beauty and perfection has ever been discovered in America. There are several adjoining rooms that seem to have some relation to this, but it will be some time before they can be dug out.

"What we have is obviously the holiest sanctum or shrine of these prehistoric people. There is not much in it, all the sacred objects having been removed from the altar. But a sacred serpent is carved in wood over the ceiling. It is 2½ feet long and of the finest workmanship. On the ceiling beams are imprints of hands made by rubbing white paint on the palms and fingers and then pressing down upon the beams. Several strands of beautifully made rope hang from the ceiling, presumably for the support of hanging objects. On the floor were a large number of nicely cut stone slabs, one of which was 2½ by 1½ feet and 1¼ inches thick.

"There is a painted room in one of the cliff houses in Mesa Verde Park that has some resemblance to this, but does not compare with the one we have just found. This room is, however, one more suggestion that the people who lived in the cliff houses were the founders of the culture at Aztec and Bonito."

Dr. Wissler writes that the ruin is now most impressive, a large part of it having been uncovered by the American Museum excavation party, which has for five seasons past worked under the direction of Earl H. Morris. He adds:

"Since the greater part of the west side is now uncovered, one can get a full sweep over this immense complex of stone walls and quaint doorways. This west side of the ruin was occupied last, for here all the rooms are well filled with objects left behind, whereas on the side first excavated, and apparently long unoccupied, we found little.

"Our excavations have revealed one calamity that befell this city. The greater part of the east and north sides were swept by fire. We cannot be sure that this was due to one big fire, but it was most likely so. The ceilings were of wood, supported by great logs of cedar and spruce, overlaid by split cedar and bark. These fell down upon others, and lay in the lower rooms in great charred masses. No doubt many precious objects went out in this great fire. As I have said before, we found the bodies of several unfortunates caught in the rooms.

"As the fire did not reach the west side, we find a large number of rooms with their ceilings still intact, and household utensils on the floor just as they were left.

"I have spent some time estimating the amount of timber used in building this city. There were the logs of some 200 pine trees, 30 feet long and about 12 inches in diameter. About 600 cedar logs of the same size, averaging 10 feet in length. (The cedar here rarely produces a longer trunk). About 1,200 straight, beautiful poles of pine and cottonwood. Finally, there are not less than 100 cords of split cedar splints for covering the ceilings. All this wood was worked with stone. From this it is clear that these people were good 'lumberjacks.'"



## IN THE NICK OF TIME

By D. W. Stevens.

Night shadows were creeping over the landscape as Sam Carter came to a pause near the banks of a narrow creek, which was overhung by trees and green bushes. A following-piece was flung across one shoulder, while at his belt dangled several squirrels, trophies of the afternoon's gunning.

The sound of voices had suddenly brought the young sportsman to a halt—voices raised high in angry discussion.

"You are an interloper here, and shall never step into a dead man's shoes."

"I have no wish to; but I mean to see the old place, and kiss Ida for the sake of old times."

"Scoundrel!"

Then the voices were drowned by the sounds of a scuffle.

What did it mean?

Sam Carter moved quickly forward and peered through a thicket, into an open space, to see two tall forms engaged in a furious and desperate struggle. He saw the gleam of a knife, and knew that the struggle was a deadly one.

Presently a gasping cry announced a fatal termination to the struggle. One of the men went down, and the concealed sportsman saw the tall form of the victor bending over the man on the ground, holding a bloody knife in his hand.

"This will put you behind prison walls, Master Walter," muttered Carter, as he turned from contemplating the scene and hurried by a roundabout course to a mansion not many rods distant.

Night now whelmed the earth.

For some minutes Sam Carter remained outside, hesitating about entering.

"This will kill his proud mother," muttered the underling. "When old Clawson disinherited his eldest born, and left Eastlawn and all its great wealth to the runaway Oscar, he little thought that he was signing the death warrant of both his children.

While Sam Carter stood thus hesitating and soliloquizing a step fell on his ear, and an instant later he was confronted by a pallid face—the face of Walter Clawson, the disinherited son of the dead speculator.

Why the old man, but two months dead, had left his vast fortune to his youngest son, Oscar, a boy who had fled from home six years before, cutting off Walter with a shilling, was more than the friends and neighbors could understand.

Old Clawson was a bit miserly. He loved his wayward younger son in spite of his unfilial conduct, and just before his death left everything to the wanderer, if living. In the event of Oscar's death, all the property, save the widow's third, reverted to Ida Kingley, the old man's niece, and one whom Walter had long endeavored to win for a wife.

Sam Carter was employed as stableman and overseer on the estate, a position he had filled for some years.

Soon after the death of old Mr. Clawson a let-

ter had come to the widow, announcing the safe arrival of her long-wandering son from a foreign land, and in a few days he expected to be home again.

This night he had come, only to meet a terrible doom ere his foot touched the threshold of the old home.

"Ha! You here?" ejaculated Walter, in a husky tone. "What are you about here? Go to your stables, man, and don't show yourself again to-night."

"I have a right to be here, Walter Clawson—a better right than you. Go in and tell you mother and cousin, Ida, where Oscar Clawson is at this hour. They will never see him alive. I can swear to that."

Then Sam Carter turned on his heel and rushed away.

Walter Clawson started, and gazed with dighting eyes after the retreating form of the stableman. Then a groan escaped his lips.

"My God! What does he know?"

With this gasping cry the pallid man pushed open the door and entered. He was composed when he entered the presence of his mother and Ida, but his face was still deathly pale.

"Where have you been, Walter? I thought you were going to the depot to meet Oscar. We expected him to-night, you know, and it is now full time he was here. The train has been gone an hour."

"It has," admitted the trembling man.

"You have not seen Oscar? Oh, this suspense!" murmured the widow. "He did not come to-night, I am sure, or he would have been here before now."

"No, he did not come."

Walter Clawson uttered the words slowly, as if in a dream. Then, unable longer to bear the strain, he hurried from the presence of his mother to his own room.

Slowly the moon climbed up from the dark horizon and lit the night with exquisite beauty. Walter still sat at the window of his room, glaring out upon the landscape.

Presently dark objects were seen to move along the country road to the front of the house. A moment they paused at the gate, then entered, and hurried up the walk to the front door.

"We want your son Walter," was said to the woman who opened the door.

The man in the room above waited to hear no more, but hurried below and confronted the men. He knew them. One was Sam Carter and another a deputy sheriff.

"You have come to arrest me?"

"Yes."

"My soul! what is this for?" cried Mrs. Clawson, and the pallid face and startled eyes of the fair girl looking over the speaker's shoulder would fain asked the same question.

As a pair of handcuffs snapped over Walter Clawson's wrists Sam Carter sent a significant look, full of gloating triumph, into his face.

"We arrest your son for murder," said the officer, coolly.

"Murder!"

"Aye, for the murder of his brother Oscar!"

"Ah! This is your work, Sam! Mother—Ida! There's a plot to ruin me. I am innocent, and can prove it!" uttered Walter, in a tone of bravado.



Early on the following day Ida and her aunt, in company with Sam Carter, went to the country village, to be at the examination. Carter said nothing of the tragedy during the journey, and the women did not question him.

The only witness sworn was Sam Carter, who gave the evidence he possessed in a plain, straightforward way.

The prisoner was remanded to jail, to await the action of the Circuit Court, soon to convene.

Search was made for the body, but none was found for some days. Nearly a mile down the creek that ran through Eastlawn a body was at length found, which was too greatly disfigured by decay and the work of the fish for identification.

It was readily accepted, however, as the body of the murdered heir, since several had seen Oscar leave the train on the afternoon of the murder and turn his steps toward Eastlawn.

When the day of trial came the evidence was too strong against the accused to admit of a doubt as to his guilt.

On the morning set for the trial Walter Clawson astonished court and people by pleading guilty.

"I have a short story to tell, and then I am ready to receive the sentence of the court," said the prisoner, when given an opportunity to speak by the judge. "Most people know that my brother inherited all the property left by our father, and that I was literally cut off with a shilling. I am not going to say that I did not feel a little bitter over this, for to me it seemed unjust. I did feel bitter, and when wandering by the brookside on the evening of Oscar's return I was nursing my bitter feelings, trying to crush them out, when who should confront me but Oscar himself. He had come up along the brook bank—one of his old haunts—and approached the house from the rear.

"Thus we met. Oscar was handsome and insolent. He spoke lightly of one I love better than life—Ida Kingley—and we quarreled. I cannot say if I used the words attributed to me by Sam Carter, but I know that we clinched. I seized my brother's throat in a fierce clutch. He drew a knife and attempted to strike me. Dropping one hand, I seized his wrist, and turned the point of the gleaming blade from me to save my own life. Both went to the ground in a heavy fall. I tore myself loose, to find the knife buried in the breast of Oscar. I did not send it there. As God is my judge, I had no thought of taking my brother's life. Instantly, after seeing what I had done, I fled from the spot."

"You threw the body into the creek."

"No! As Heaven is my witness, I did not!" asserted the doomed man, with husky solemnity.

This was the end.

The judge's sentence was death, and Walter Clawson was to pay the forfeit at the end of six weeks.

On the evening before the day set for the execution Ida repaired to her lover's cell for the last time.

"There is no hope, Ida?"

"Alas, none," answered the heartbroken girl, as she was drawn to the embrace of the prisoner.

At length the jailer came to announce that the hour of execution was at hand.

With one last lingering kiss and caress. Ida suffered herself to be led from the cell, and the clang of the closing door shut out the last ray of light from the heart of the doomed man.

Morning dawned bright and beautiful.

Ten o'clock came, and Walter Clawson, the fratricide, was led forth to his doom.

Mrs. Clawson was ill in bed at home, but Ida was not far away, her cheeks flushed with feverish excitement, anxious to catch one glimpse of the man she loved ere he was led to his doom.

Slowly the procession filed from the jail, and halted not until the foot of the scaffold was reached.

With wonderful coolness the fratricide ascended the steps and stood revealed upon the scaffold.

Then the fatal noose was adjusted, and—

"Stop the execution!"

A voice, clear and sharp, rang from a distant part of the crowd. A frown mounted the brow of the executioner at the interruption.

"Touch the spring, man! What are you waiting for?" demanded the sheriff, gruffly.

The man employed for the purpose made a move to obey.

"In Heaven's name stop this mad work! You are about to hang an innocent man!"

There was a commotion in the crowd. Evidently some one was forcing his way toward the scaffold.

"It's only a drunken man. Do your duty!" ordered the sheriff, sternly.

But the man addressed, hesitated. It was well that he did so, for while he stood glaring at the swaying crowd a man burst through the line of guards and stood revealed at the foot of the scaffold steps.

"Stop the execution!" cried the newcomer, pantingly. "Walter Clawson is innocent! I am the man for whom he was to die—I am Oscar Clawson!"

All eyes were turned upon the speaker. Great commotion ensued. Several old men present recognized the young heir, and when the cap was removed the prisoner uttered the name of his brother and then sank fainting on the scaffold.

It was true. Oscar Clawson was not dead. He had returned barely in time to save his brother from a felon's death.

He confirmed the story told by Walter, and concluded:

"I was but slightly wounded, and the moment Walter left I regained my feet. Walter had declared me an interloper, and I felt like one. On the spur of the moment, I resolved to leave, and never trouble my people by claiming Eastlawn. I believed Walter was more entitled to it than myself, and in the gloom of night I fled.

"Only two days ago I picked up a paper wherein was the announcement of my murder, and the conviction of Walter Clawson for the crime. I was horrified to note the fact that the date on the paper was an old one. With all speed I made my way here, and, thank God, have come in time!"

Yes, he had come in time. The body in the creek was never identified. Doubtless the person was accidentally drowned. Walter lived to marry Ida, and on the wedding day Oscar deeded one-half his inheritance to the fair bride.



## PLUCK AND LUCK

NEW YORK, AUGUST 25, 1920.

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## ITEMS OF INTEREST

## \$10,000 FOR A HOG

An Iowa firm has become the possessor of Nebraska's highest priced hog. Uneeda Orion, a Duroc Jersey boar, was sold by Edgar Taylor of Norfolk to Suder Bros., of Wesley, Ia., for \$10,000.

## CENT GROWS INTO \$3,000,000 IF PYRAMIDED FOR 31 DAYS

If one could have a cent the first day of the month, two cents on the next day, four cents the next, and so on, doubling the amount each day, he would have nearly \$3,000,000 at the end of a month of thirty-one days.

## PREPARED HIS OWN GRAVE

Elijah Warden, ninety-four years of age, the oldest resident of White County, died at his home in Monticello, Ind., recently. Mr. Warden was born in Delphi and was the grandson of the French trader, Dubois, for whom Dubois County was named. He lived in White County eighty years.

Mr. Warden was widely known in northern Indiana as a house mover and engaged in that occupation, until about three years ago. He was sexton at the Monticello Cemetery for thirty years, and dug his own grave and prepared the vault.

## OFF TO ALASKA TO GET REINDEER FOOD

William C. Redfield, erstwhile Secretary of Commerce and promoter of shark skin shoes, is about to be eclipsed. Dr. Edward K. Nelson, chief of the Biological Survey of the Department of Agriculture, is en route to Alaska to make friends with the reindeer with the idea of making this Eskimo food staple an important addition to the American diet. Since 1893 the Alaskan herds have increased from 143 animals to 150,000.

Aside from their association with Santa Claus reindeer are noted as the prize boobs of the animal kingdom, surpassing even sheep in that respect.

## FIRST WHALE SHARK CAPTURED

The first whale shark ever captured is on exhibition at the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, D. C., Capt. Charles Thompson, of Miami,

Fla., who has some big fish captures to his credit, including the largest devil fish ever lifted to land, is the captor of this monster. He caught it while cruising off Knight's Key. It took twenty men nearly two days to bring it ashore. The net weight of the fish is 30,000 pounds, its length is forty-five feet and its circumference at the thickest part is twenty-three feet nine inches. The tail measures ten feet from tip to tip.

The scientists who looked this fish over said that he was only an infant whale shark and that full grown ones are two and one-half times as large. It inhabits the ocean at a depth of 1,500 feet and its hide is of great thickness to withstand the enormous water pressure. A .45-calibre bullet could not even dent it.

How this baby whale shark happened to come to the surface is conjecture, one explanation being that it was thrown up by a submarine volcanic disturbance and that in the journey its deep sea diving powers were injured so that it was unable to sink to its natural water level.

The whale shark has little circular lidless eyes that are sightless. Its mouth is fifty inches wide and forty-three inches deep, its tongue is forty inches long. Hundreds of teeth line the sides of the jaw. It had a speed on the surface of forty-five miles an hour and put up a fight before being captured that lasted two days and a half.

## LAUGHS

"But," protested the broker who had advertised for a confidential clerk, "you want too much salary." "I've had a great deal of experience in the brokerage business," urged the applicant. "But you ask too much for it." "My dear sir, I assure you I'm offering it to you for much less than it cost me."

A bright young man recently visited a friend of his mother. She asked about his mother, and inquired if she raised a good deal of poultry this year. The young man scratched his head in perplexity, and then replied: "N-n-no, ma'am. She planted a good deal, but the chickens scratched it all up."

"Lady," said Plodding Pete, "have you any more of dat mince pie dat you can't use yourself?" "Yes. Here's nearly half of it. Are you going to eat it all?" "No, lady. I hate to be revengeful; but dat dog of yours has an ugly disposition. I'm going to feed it to him."

"I think," said young Trotter, "I'll draw that money Uncle John left to me. I'm thinking of a trip abroad." "But," protested his mother, "you were to save that for a rainy day." "Well, I'm going to London. I'll be sure to find a rainy day there."

Mrs. Testy (looking up from the paper)—Isn't this strange? A man, after a fit of illness, was absolutely unable to remember his wife and did not believe she was the one he married. Mr. Testy—Well, I dunno. It's pretty hard work sometimes for a man to realize that his wife is the same woman that he once went crazy over.



## A FEW GOOD ITEMS

### BALZAC'S JEWELLED CANE

Balzac used to enjoy what was described by a "vanity" from the possession of a walking stick nearly as big as a drum-major's staff, and all ablaze with rubies, diamonds, emeralds and sapphires.

It was topped by a huge gold knob containing a lock of hair presented by an unknown lady admirer. For a long time Balsaz never appeared in public without this stick, which increased in value as the years went on.

All the jewels he bought or received as presents were plastered on it, for he preferred using them in this way to wearing them in rings or tie-pins.

### WILD DUCKS IN DAKOTA

Recent reports from the South Dakota State Game Warden's office say that thousands of wild ducks have remained in the numerous sloughs and ponds of the State this summer and are hatching and taking their brood to the water.

It is said some of these birds nest fully half a mile from a body of water, concealing their eggs in tufts of grass and hurry their young to the water as soon as they are hatched. The outlook is favorable for a plentiful supply of young ducks ready for the hunter at the opening of the season.

The number which remained, the report continues, is greater than that of any former year, and this should add to the abundance of the feathered folk to come within range of the hunter's rifle.

### BURGLARS ONLY BOOTY, RAINCOAT

A second-hand raincoat, according to officials of Trimble, Tenn., apparently was the only loot obtained there by enterprising robbers, who, working in a double shift, simultaneously blew open the safe of the post office and knocked off the combination of the vault of the Farmers Bank.

The post office building was wrecked by the explosion. The blast aroused citizens sleeping near by, and their hurried assembling frightened away the robbers, who were pursued as far as Obion, four miles north of Trimble, where the trail was lost. Four men are believed by officials of the town to have taken part in the attempted robbery.

The raincoat, the property of the cashier, was the only thing missing from the bank, it was announced. The bank and post office are situated on opposite sides of an ally.

### RENT PROBLEM IS SIMPLE IN BORNEO

The Dyak women are chiefly occupied with weaving, dyeing, cooking, planting the seed and taking care of the children and the house. House-keeping in Borneo has its own complications. As a rule a large number of families live under one roof. On an average there may be forty, but instances have been known in which as many as four hundred persons were living together in a single community house.

The houses are constructed on piles, with ladders leading to the outer uncovered veranda

which runs the entire length of the house. This veranda is used more or less as a public highway. Any one passing through the village may climb up the ladder at one end, walk along it and climb down the other end in the most casual manner. Just back of it lies a covered portion of the house and here most of the work is carried on.

The men may be seen building a small boat or making brass jewelry; the women weaving or dyeing or pounding rice into flour for baking. Opening from the veranda is a series of doors leading into separate rooms, one belonging to each family. Here the Dyaks do their cooking, eating and sleeping, except that unmarried girls usually sleep in a loft reached from the rooms, while the boys occupy the inner veranda. A Dyak has but one wife, and either husband or wife, if found guilty of illicit conduct, is subject to severe punishment by the community.

A pleasant trait among the Dyaks is their fondness for their children, whom they have seldom been known to treat with anything but kindness and indulgence. They are also kind to old people—unlike other tribes in Borneo, who formerly followed the custom of killing or burning alive those whose usefulness to the community had been exhausted.—By Gertrude Emerson, in "Aria" for July.

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## GOOD READING

RODE BICYCLE TEN MILES EACH DAY  
WHEN 98

Dr. Jessie C. Green, 102 years and 7 months old, died at his home in West Chester, Pa., lately as a result of falling from a step ladder in his home ten days ago while hanging a picture.

Dr. Green, who was a Quaker, was born in Delaware County, Pa., Dec. 13, 1817; was a school teacher in early life and later a dentist. "Early to bed and early to rise," was his lifelong motto, he often said. He never used tobacco or intoxicants and drank his last cup of coffee in 1844. Until six years ago he was in the habit of taking a daily ten-mile bicycle ride before breakfast.

He leaves a sister in her eighties and a son about sixty years old.

DRAWS ON STEEL WALL OF JAIL WON-  
DERFUL PICTURE OF CHRIST

On a Sunday morning in March, 1917, while he was in the County Jail at San Bernardino, awaiting trial, Ramon Garcia, ex-convict, drew upon the steel wall of his boxlike cell a picture of Christ on the Cross.

John N. Hilliard tells us that, "With the stub of an old pencil borrowed from an accommodating jailer—genius has ever made use of the first tool that comes to hand—he fashioned a remarkable picture.

"And straightway certain events outside of the established order happened. Like concentric rings upon the face of the water the fame of it spread, crossing the Sierras of the Snows, going beyond the Rockies, eventually reaching the Atlantic hinterland.

"The man who had pencilled the picture on the steel wall had long since gone to prison, but the cell he had occupied in the County Jail had become a veritable shrine. And the town of San Bernardino had become a place of great pilgrimage."

Eventually the sentence of the thrice-convicted felon was commuted and already the young Mexican has begun to make good.

"The likeness of Marshal Joffre, done on canvas shortly after Garcia's release from prison, was presented to the Latin-American Institute. It is a remarkable piece of portraiture, when you consider that the man who drew it has had no training, that he had not even a primer knowledge of the craft.

"The portrait of Judge Dewhirst, done from life, is an uncanny likeness. Perhaps the most astonishing work Garcia has so far done, except the drawing of the Crucifixion, is the portrait of Lincoln. This also was drawn with pencil on one of the steel walls of the San Bernardino Jail.

"And it is Lincoln, the Lincoln of humble beginnings, who split rails for a livelihood; who read his books in the wavering light of a pine

nubbin; the patient, kindly man with the smile, the sad eyes, the worn face, who had been lifted up to guide a Nation."

## WHY BE A SAPHEAD?

Sap Hawkins imagines himself to be the "wise guy in his own home town," but Sap's imagination is his chief characteristic. When the school teacher told Sap's father, "I can't teach him anything," he thought Sap ripe for wider fields. First, he placed him with the village blacksmith, but this connection ended disastrously for Sap at the end of the second day. In desperation the father then arranged for him to read law in the office of a prosperous firm of attorneys at the county seat.

After he had pursued his studies for two full weeks, Sap and a rainbow silk shirt returned to spend Sunday with the folks.

"Well, Sap," asked one of the crowd around the Palace drug store corner, "How do you like the law?"

"Aw, I don't think much of the law," answered the Blackstone of two weeks; "I'm sorry I ever learnt it."

Strange as it may seem, there are many persons who feel the same way about thrift and saving. They may save spasmodically for a couple of weeks and then bob up serenely with: "I don't think much of it. I'm sorry I learnt it." On the other hand, the person who is determined to give the savings habit a fair trial never fails to enthruse as he sees his efforts bring to him those things which make life really worth while.

It is a healthy sign of the times, for it follows as night the day that individual prosperity means national prosperity.

Insofar as the individual is concerned, he never will be too old to spend but he may grow too old to earn. Never has there been so golden an opportunity to put by a few dollars as now and it is just plain common sense for those to earn while earning is good and set aside something for a happy and contented old age. The way to provide for those days is to save first and spend afterward, to take a certain amount out of the regular income and invest it where it will be safe and will grow.

For the person with an average income, buying Government Savings securities from your bank or Post Office is an ideal procedure for starting a savings account with Uncle Sam. When you have accumulated \$84.00 in Savings Stamps, you can exchange it for a Treasury Savings Certificate which will pay you back an even \$100 on January 1, 1925. When you have learned the real joy of saving you never will be sorry that you "learnt it."

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Thrift is Power. Why? Because its practice builds character through leading to the right use of money; enable opportunities to be taken advantage of because money is in hand. Be Thrifty. Spend wisely, save steadily, buy Government Saving Stamps, "Always worth more than was paid for them."



## ABOUT TEMPERING COPPER

The Aztecs, Toltecs and Tarascans, it is said, possessed in prehistoric ages the art of tempering copper. Copper axes and knife blades found at Atcapotzalco are so soft they can be cut with an ordinary pocket-knife. On the other hand, Tarascan copper cutting implements from the Balsas River ruins in Guerrero were so hard that they would turn the edge of a modern knife. Analysis showed that these different blades were of the same composition as the copper ores found in the respective localities. The soft blades were made from comparatively pure copper ores, while the hard, apparently tempered blades from Guerrero, were made from the natural ores which existed in the holls, alloyed with nickel and cobalt; thus making the smelted metal (or alloy) almost as hard as steel. Hence the so-called tempering was due to the natural alloy found in the ore, which when heated and sharpened gave a hard cutting edge. On the other hand, where the ores were practically pure copper, the implements, made from such ores were soft and remain so to this day.



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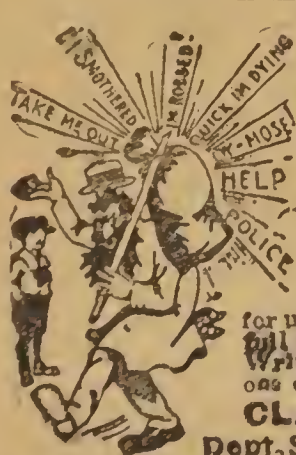


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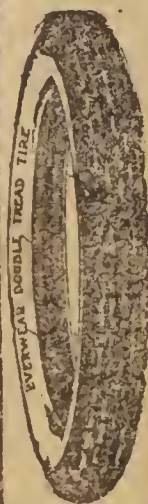
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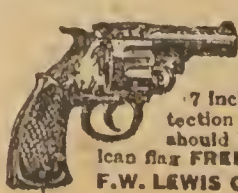
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# HOW ODOR TRAVELS

The rapid propagation of smells noticed in the open air appears due entirely to currents, since in small tubes, where currents do not exist, the rate is found to be very small. Experiments along this line were first undertaken in England by Prof. Ayrton. With ammonia diffusing through a tube a meter and a half long, over two hours elapsed before the smell could be detected at the other end of the tube. Using different lengths of tubing, it was found that the time required for the diffusion of the smell was roughly proportioned to the square of the length. Ammonia and hydrogen sulphide were used for these experiments. The presence of ammonia could be detected chemically at a point in a tube after about the same time as when the sense of smell was used for a detector. The rate of propagation of the smell of ammonia was not markedly different when this had to pass along the same tube either horizontally or vertically upward or vertically downward. With camphor, however, while the rates horizontally and downward were about the same, the speed upward was about twice as great.



HOW TO SAVE MONEY

Ten dollars a month saved and put out at 4 per cent. compound interest will show an accumulation of \$1,475 in ten years; \$7.50 a month will show \$1,106; \$6 a month will show \$885; \$5 a month will show \$737; \$4.50 a month will show \$663; \$4 a month will show \$589; \$3 a month will show \$442, and \$2.50 a month will show \$368, says the Thrift Magazine.

Any sum saved and invested at 4 per cent. compound interest will more than double itself in twenty years. Save \$10. At the end of the first year you will have \$10.40; in five years you will have \$12.70. At the end of the tenth year your interest will have grown to \$6.20, and at the end of the twentieth year your interest will be \$10.70, or more than double your original sum. Carried along on the same basis \$100 will become \$207 and \$1,000 will grow to \$2,070.

Save 10 cents a day, and in ten years your daily savings will be \$365, in addition to \$80.30 compound interest, making a total of \$445.30.

If you save 15 cents a day for ten years with interest compounded at 4 per cent. you will have \$668.18; 20 cents a day will net \$890.99; 50 cents a day will mean \$2,227.73.



20	8	9	19
6	15	18	4
1	21	20	15
6	18	5	5

# Ford Auto

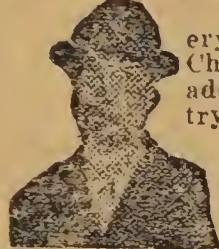
The letters of the alphabet are numbered: A is 1; B 2; C 3; D 4, and so on. The figures in the little squares to the left represent four words. (20 is the letter "T"). What are the four words? Can you work it out? If so, send your answer quick. Surely you want this fine, new Ford auto. Send no money with solution.

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6 Songs, words and music; 25 Pictures Pretty Girls; 40 Ways to Make Money; 1 Joke Book; 1 Book on Love; 1 Magic Book; 1 Book Letter Writing; 1 Dream Book and Fortune Teller; 1 Cook Book; 1 Base Ball Book, gives rules for games; 1 Toy Maker Book; Language of Flowers; 1 Morse Telegraph Alphabet; 12 Chemical Experiments; Magic Age Table; Great North Pole Game; 100 Conundrums; 3 Puzzles; 12 Games; 80 Verses for Autograph Albums. All the above by mail for 10 cts. and 2 cts. postage. ROYAL SALES CO., Box 20, South Norwalk, Conn.

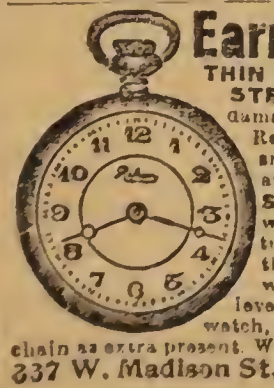
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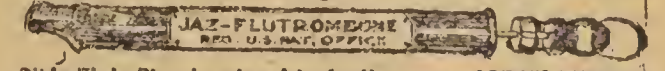
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## DEAF GIRLS CLEVER BALL-PLAYERS

To watch girls playing ball without the usual noise of chatter but with an equal amount of enthusiasm, to see the players send signals to their teammates by a quick flash of the fingers and cover each move of the game with keen aggression is a spectacle that would arrest the attention of even the most casual spectator.

Athletics and gymnasium work in many of the largest schools for the instruction of the deaf are claiming more and more an active place in the interest of the girls, and many of them are showing most promising results from their spirit and work in basketball, fencing, giant's stride and other games.

Basketball is particularly popular. Signals are given by a quick gesture, everything depending upon the closest attention being given to the girl who holds the ball and decides upon the next move.

By one simple movement of the hand a player can send a call to one of her mates or express her scorn at her opponent's bungling. The player follows the passes and rules of the game by keeping the eye constantly alert to catch every movement of the opponent.

The rules of the game are so vital to the deaf girl that when she has thoroughly mastered them she cannot be shaken in her understanding of what she has learned. Each player becomes so attentive that should a foul be made and the referee not be quick in detecting it that person would be routed by the volley of protest.

Athletics are a natural outlet for the energy of healthy girls possessing all the faculties of hearing and speech, but to the deaf girl sport at first means labor until interest is aroused. It is an unfortunate fact that in some of the schools the girls have never received athletic attention in proportion to that given to boys. At one school three-quarters of an hour during the week is devoted to the girls' physical exercises, although the boys enjoy the privilege of at least that length of time each day.

Hanging from the rings in their gymnasium is a bit of fun and exercise that appeals to these young girls. It is considered most excellent for the deaf mute, as it brings into play those muscles which need strengthening to assist them both mentally and physically. The sensation of flying through space, as in swinging, is also a keen delight.

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